TWOPENCE
Vol. LVI.
1470.

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JOHN BULL

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G.E. 428.B.

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Cochrane & Sons help you to make money. Ladies' Knickers, 5/6 doz. Sell at 9d. per pair. Overalls, 4/11 doz. Sell at 8½d. each. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. 1/- line for 8½d. pair. Hundreds of other bargains. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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ASTOUNDING Free Gift Offer (value 2/6) to all inquirers for Watson's Famous Xmas Club. Highest poss. comm., super value goods; magnif. range Free Gifts. Send now for 200-p. Art Cat. Chocs., Cigs., Fancy Goods, Toys, Drapery, etc. —G. A. WATSON, 137, ALBION ST., LEEDS.

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10/- NOTES FREE to Xmas Club Agents. Join the "Magnet" Club that offers big comm. and free Gifts. Splendid Catlg. of Chocs., Toys, Wearing Apparel, Fancy Goods, Cigs.—Full parties from Magnet Confec Co., Ltd. (Dept. 5), 385, Corn Exchange Bldgs., Manchester. 4

FREE GIFT all Enquirers. 3/4 to 14/6 £ Comm. Agents wanted. Xmas Clubs. Special cash bonus. Enterprise, 58, Clifton St., Bradford.

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A BEAUTIFUL FREE GIFT
Awaits every Agent for the Famous "VICTORIA" Series Private Christmas Cards. IT PAYS TO DEAL DIRECT WITH BRITAIN'S ACKNOWLEDGED LARGEST MANUFACTURERS. You get UNBEATABLE COMMISSION, COSTLIEST PRIZES, and a Sample Book which makes all others seem OLD-FASHIONED. Book Free. Carr. paid.—JONES, WILLIAMS & Co., Dept 203, Victoria Works, PRESTON.

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No uncertainties, but a sure cash profit with the "City" book of Private Christmas Cards. A huge success, with the highest commission, and a wonderful selection of valuable gifts and big cash prizes. No outlay—free particulars from Dept. 5, The Private Xmas Card Mfg. Co., New City Works, 81, St. Simon Street, Manchester, 3.

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Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line.
A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.
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as Agents for all-the-year-round firm specialising in Clothing, Footwear, Jewellery, Fancy and Household Goods. Liberal commission and bonuses paid and cash prizes. Send at once for particulars post free.—Ambler, Price & Co., Ltd., (Dept. J.B.), Ampr.co Hse., Acton Lane, N.W.10.

100 PERSONS Wanted (either sex) for splendid money-making proposition. No outlay or experience needed. Read announcement of Messrs. J. Renshaw & Sons, Ltd., centre of p. 3.

EMPLOYMENT.

POLICE RECRUITS.—Young men desirous of joining Metropolitan, Town or County Police should send for 1934 Police Handbook (FREE), which explains methods of entrance to all Forces (Ages 19-28.)—Address, B.T.I (Dept 602), 29, Oxford Street, W.1

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist.—Write parties, Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

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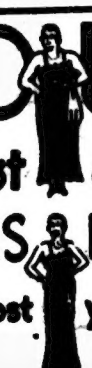
QUALITY WOOLS. Knit 1d. oz. Fing., 11d. Tweed Maris, 12d., Crochet, 2½d. Blk. 6-ply Rug, 9d. 1/- 1/3 lb. Colours, 1/-, etc. Samps. free.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), 3/6-on-T.

DOWN QUILTS and Tet Sets Given Away with 2/- bedding bales. Read the offer of Paton Mill Co. on page 3.

CAMERAS with Films given away! No coupons to collect. See advertisement of Aircraft Products, Ltd., on page 3.

FREE Bargain Catalogue: Solve your furnishing problems by filling in the coupon in the Jay's Furnishing Stores advt. on p. 37. Simply post in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp and a free copy of this excellent catalogue, crammed full of bargains, will come by return. Address: Jay's Furnishing Stores, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 248, Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

REDUCE
your waist and hips
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
or it won't cost you a penny!



I WANT YOU TO TRY MY SLYMLASTIK BELT AT MY EXPENSE!

"I reduced my hips NINE INCHES," writes Miss Heath.

I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches," writes Mrs. Boyle.

So many of my customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this "Slymlastik" Corset Belt that I want you to try it for 10 days at my expense!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY

The new "Slymlastik" Belt is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe, and works constantly while you walk, work or sit . . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move you make.

NO DRUGS, DIETS OR EXERCISES

The "Slymlastik" Corset Belt is worn like an ordinary corset, giving natural balanced support to your figure, keeping your body cool and fresh, with perfect liberty of action. It makes you look thin while getting thin.

DON'T WAIT ANY LONGER - ACT TODAY

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient belt will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . . try it for 10 days . . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results . . . . and your money will be immediately refunded . . . . . including the postage!

Accept this offer or you may condemn yourself to be overstout for the rest of your days.

SEND FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

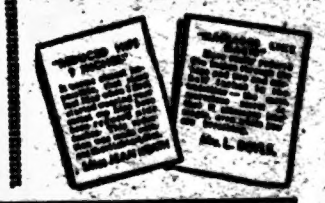
NURSE SINCLAIR, (Dept. 50) 4, VERNON PLACE, LONDON, W.C.1. (*corner Southampton Row*). Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the "Slymlastik" Corset Belts and Brassieres and your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER. I enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

My Waist measures..... My Hips measure.....

Name

Address

Pin 1½d. stamp here. J.B. 18/8/34.



EXCELLENT opportunity for keen young men, aged 17-23. No experience. G.P.O. Engineering Dept. Commence £4 per week. Free details of open Exam from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The 1934 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, Entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—ages 16 upwards) are advised to apply for this free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street, W.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE. Attractive careers offered to keen young men, aged 19-21. Commencing pay £3 6s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 561), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

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MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 60 provincial newspapers or London Suburban 7/16, Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns, advice free.—Write for Prospectus 60; Buttolph & Dickson, 225, High Holborn, London, W.C.1 (Chancery 8113.)

PRINTING (Lowest Prices), Catalogues, Mags., Price Lists, Dup. Books, Stationery, etc. 10,000 Handbills, £1., Samples, 2d.—Meads, 68, Sandy.

READERS should write for a free leaflet explaining the wonderful "VOIGTLANDER BRILLIANT." Camera offered in the advt. on p. 29.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO - ACCORDIONS from £2 2s. 6/6 monthly. BANJOS, GUITARS, DRUMS, etc., 44-p. cat. free. — OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B., 8, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS from 2/- weekly. Guitars, Banjos, Drums, etc. Play as you pay.—VICKERS, Dept. B., ROYAL HILL, S.E.10.

CRANE'S PIANO BARGAIN
COLLARD. A splendid instrument, modern design. Richly polished. Excellent tone, perfect condition. 22 Gns. or 10/6 Monthly. Free Delivery. No Deposit. Write for Catalogue "B" of Pianos and Organs.
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BE POPULAR.—Play the Carolina Banjuke. Easily mastered with Free Tutor supplied with complete outfit for 1/6 down. See John Bull's "Show Window" for full details of this musical bargain.

FREE.—Send for a free copy of a wonderful Catalogue of radio's greatest value. "Bringing Home the Radio Stars." This outlines in detail the latest range of wireless sets offered by Peckham, the world's largest radio manufacturers. Every set can be obtained on easy monthly payments. Write at once for a copy, mentioning John Bull, to Pallips Lamps, Ltd., 145, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

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WORMS CURED.—Aztec Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive Cure by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Odmer, Derby.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 31, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! The Brooks Rupture Appliance, New Discovery, Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address: Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (483M), 66, Chancery Lane, Ldn., W.C.2.

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FREE.—Penslings' "Everybody's Doctor." Write, mentioning John Bull, to Alfred Pennings, Oswer, I.W. This offer appears on p. 28.

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FREE.—Don't suffer a minute longer with constipation—a generous sample of FEEN-A-MINT, the safe, pleasant chewing laxative which banishes this distressing complaint, is offered to every reader who sends 1½d. in stamps to Wallace Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. H.3), 18, Tenter House, Westminster, London, S.W.

A NEW reducing corset belt which will reduce waist and hips has been perfected. Women will appreciate the advantages of the new "Slymlastik" Corset Belt, which has a massage-like action and gently works with every move of the body. See NURSE SINCLAIR'S 10-day free trial offer in the large advt. on this page. Fill in the coupon for free booklet and full particulars of this offer.

MR. SHADFORTH'S free celebration offer: For over 80 years Shadforth prescriptions have brought relief. Those tried and trusted remedies, which will save you many a doctor's bill, can be secured at very moderate prices. To commemorate this 80th anniversary *John Bull* readers are invited to accept a free copy of the Shadforth Medical Dictionary (normally published at 2/6). This free offer is extended to everyone who sends an order for any of the prescriptions published in the advt. on p. 12. Be sure to attach the special coupon to your order. This free book is available for only a limited time.

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A FREE booklet, "Here's Good Health," describing the use of DE KUYPER'S Hollands Gin, will be sent gratis on application to John De Kuyper & Son, 14, Trinity Square, London, E.C.3. Mention John Bull when writing.

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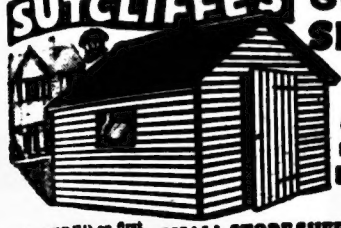

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PRISMATIC FIELD GLASSES

Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars By Lumiere, Paris. 8x Magnification Wide View Screw and Eyepiece Focus Bending Bar Lamp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Slings. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory Balance payable 5/- monthly until 79/6 is paid or cash within 7 days 75/- only. Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

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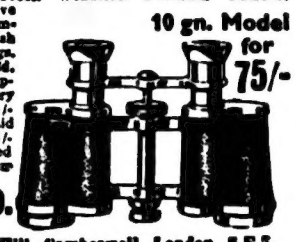

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2 White Woolly Blankets 90x70
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CARR. FREE 20/- N C.O.D. 1/- extra

FREE LOVELY WADDED DOWN QUILT or 18 PIECE TEA SET.

State choice when ordering

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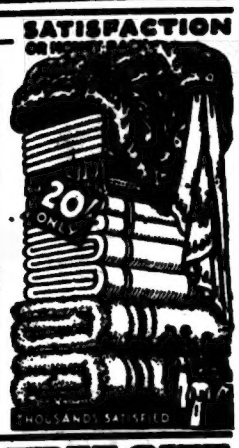

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Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	Deposit.	M'thly.
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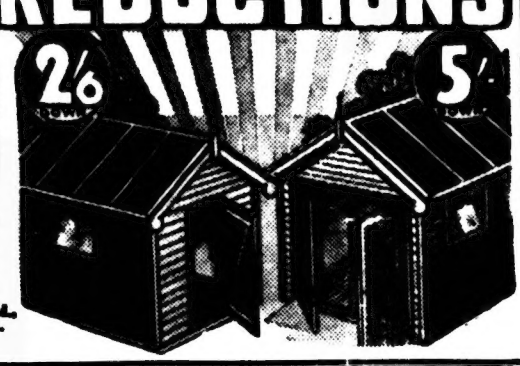
Telephone: Bexleyheath 305 (5 lines).



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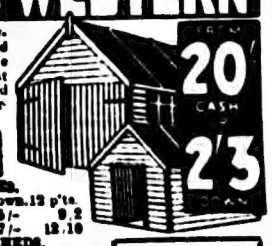

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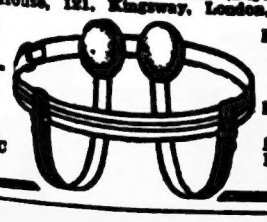

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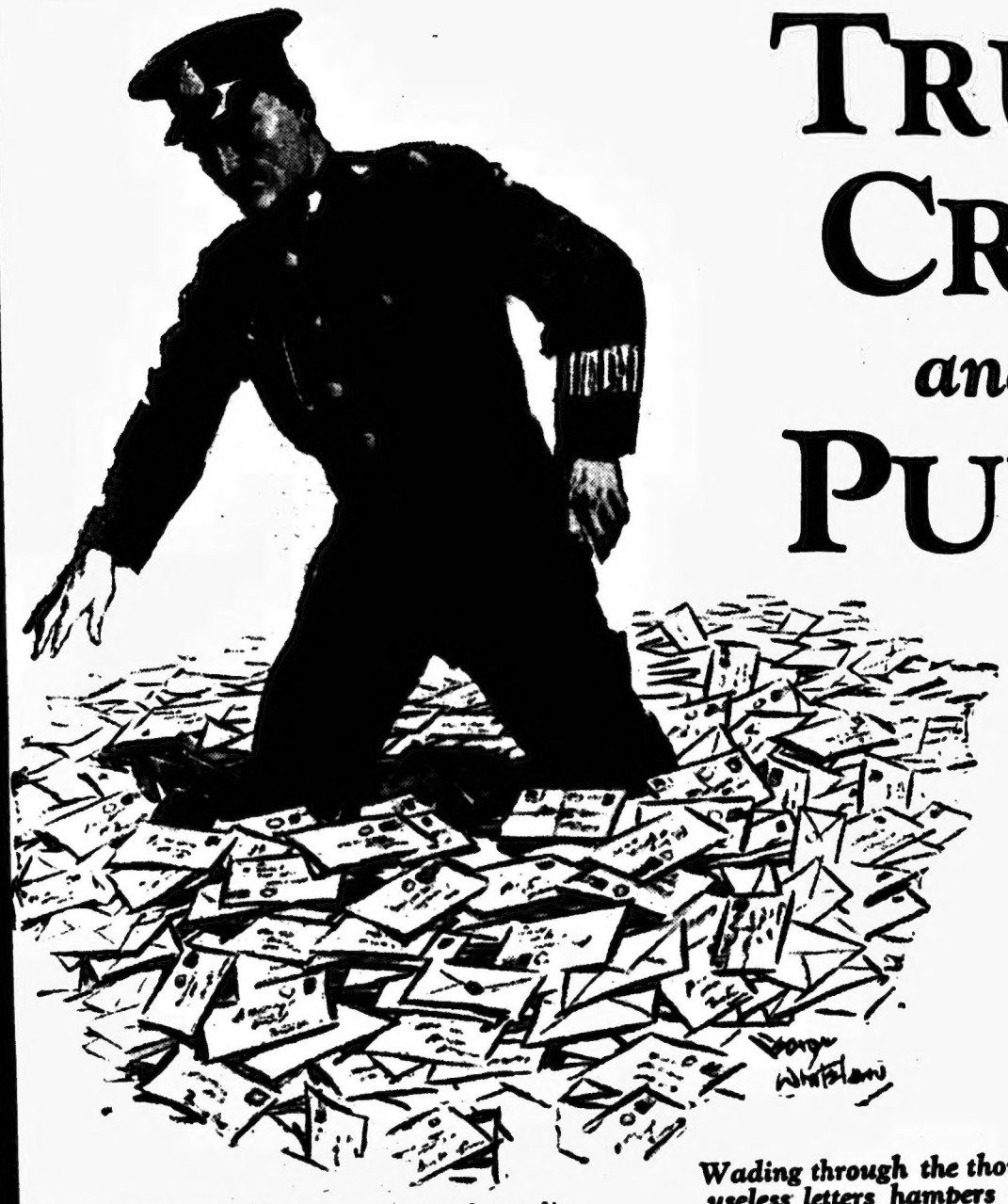
TRUNK CRIME *and the* PUBLIC



Wading through the thousands of useless letters hampers the police grievously in their pursuit of the murderer

WE suggest that a new legal penalty is needed for a growing and grievous form of misconduct.

The offence we have in mind is the meddlesome interference with the police in the execution of their duty—but a eculiar type of interference, which does not, at resent, come under any recognised code of unishment.

It arises in an acute form whenever a sensaional crime has been committed, the solution of hich involves an appeal to the general public y the police authorities for assistance.

A glaring example of what we mean is proided by the Brighton Trunk Murder No. 1.

Here the police were confronted at the start y great difficulties; but these difficulties have een multiplied many times by a mischievous and eliberate supply of false information which is eing sent to the officers in charge of the case.

Since the Chief Constable of Brighton called or information which might be likely to assist he detectives in establishing the identity of the ictim and the discovery of the criminal more han seven thousand letters have been received t the Brighton Police headquarters.

Moreover, letters are still arriving at the rate f hundreds each day.

AN analysis of the letters gives a remarkable result. The greater percentage of them should never have been written, and would o: have been sent if the authors had exercised rdinary thought and restraint. At the most one an excuse the writers as well-meaning fools.

But there are heaps of letters the authors which deserve more than this mild censure. e include the writers of communications which ontain deliberate and malicious suggestions gainst persons who could not possibly have had ny connection with the trunk tragedy.

The cruelty of such letters cannot be timated. They are intended in some instances break up homes, and in others are an intoleble slander on the innocent.

Consider the wickedness of such a letter as is: "If you go to the house of Mr. X at —— street, you will find in his cellar the tray of the trunk in which the body was put. He knows all about the murder."

Instant inquiries were made when that letter was received. Detectives visited the house in question, and interviewed Mr. X and his family, only to find that the suggestion was entirely baseless, and that the letter was the work of a neighbour who had some fancied grudge against the man named.

Asked for an explanation, the neighbour declared that she had "heard" someone say there was a tray from a trunk in that house and she thought the police should know.

MANY letters received by the police investigating the Brighton crime have been in a somewhat similar strain; letters which on investigation prove to have been concocted more from spite against a particular individual than for any other reason.

Apart from the lurking slander and evil in these letters which may, and often does, cause untold misery to individuals, there is the fact that they hamper the cause of justice by causing the withdrawal of police officers from other and more useful fields of investigation.

Each unjustified letter means so much waste of police time and an expenditure of public funds.

How many hours have been wasted and how much money needlessly spent through letters in the Brighton case it is impossible to estimate at the present stage. Only when the case is concluded can the account of lost time and lost money be properly rendered.

Endless unnecessary journeys have been taken by the police to towns throughout the south and east of England, as well as to every suburban quarter of London, following the receipt of communications from people egged on by stupidity, vanity or malice.

For this point must be remembered: the police in a murder like that of Brighton Trunk Crime No. 1 cannot afford to neglect any letter which reaches them.

Always there is the bare chance that a letter *may contain* a fact of vital information, which, when investigated, will point the way to an arrest and a charge of "Wilful murder."

Nothing from a member of the public by statement or letter in murder cases is ever disregarded, no matter at what hour the information is received.

THIS incident, connected with the last trunk murder in London, illustrates how instantly the police follow up an apparently *bona-fide* letter.

Late at night a letter was received at Scotland Yard. It had been sent by "express delivery" post from Reigate, and contained the statement that the writer knew the perpetrator of the crime.

At once the letter was sent from Scotland Yard by motor-car to the office of the divisional detective-inspector in charge of the case. The time was then midnight, and the officer had returned to his home after eighteen hours of duty. He was aroused by telephone and a police car was sent to pick him up for the journey to Reigate.

In the early hours of the morning he arrived at the house from which the letter had been despatched and called up the owner. "Yes," said the man in answer to the questions, "I wrote that letter to Scotland Yard, and I know the murderer, and can give you his name. He is a fellow who came to scythe the grass in my garden. I know he is the murderer from the way in which he used the scythe and the expression on his face."

"Insane" is the natural comment about a person who could make such a statement. Yet that man was, in fact, perfectly normal except that he had a kind of murder obsession and considered he possessed a special instinct for detective work.

And the same kind of fantastic communications as this "express" letter from Reigate to Scotland Yard are being received daily in relation to the Brighton trunk crime.

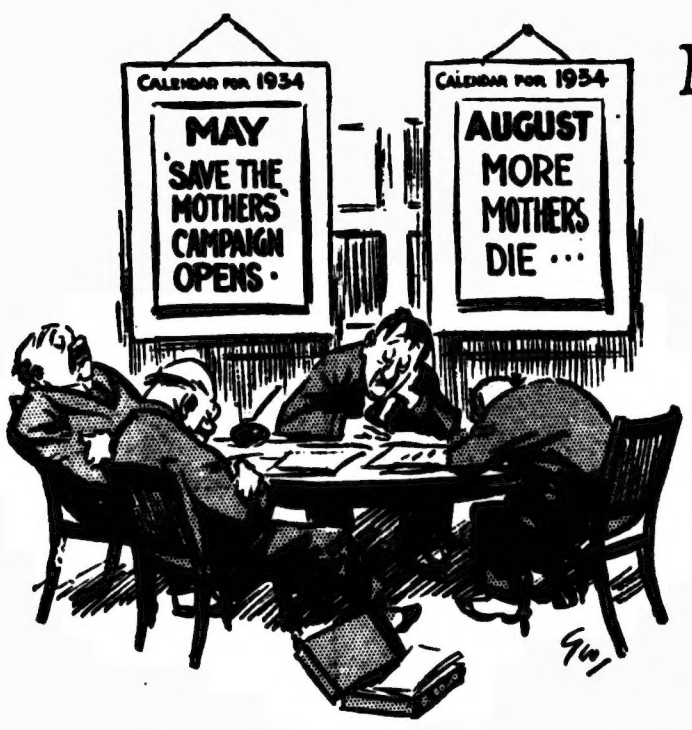
They involve innocent men and women who suddenly find themselves the centre of police interest.

A MEANS exists for the prosecution of these malicious letter-writers on a charge of causing "public mischief," but that is a process open to various objections and difficult of proof

We think that an amendment of procedure is necessary to provide for an easy and simple method of police court punishment for the person who deliberately sets out to waste the time of the authorities engaged in the unravelling of a big crime mystery.

If a few of them were fined a pound or two the evil would soon abate.

Why Are the Mothers Allowed to Die?



When will the Ministry of Health really wake up and save the mothers?

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

STILL more mothers are dying in childbirth; the rate of maternal mortality is allowed to climb ever higher.

Behind that gloomy admission, just made by the Ministry of Health, lies not only a national tragedy but a national scandal.

We have told before how, every year, more than three thousand young women are doomed to die while bringing new life into the world. "A lamentable and grievous loss of precious lives," Mr. Neville Chamberlain describes it.

We go further. We say that it is an unnecessary and callous loss.

Shameful neglect

We have pleaded for efforts to reduce this appalling toll. They have not been made.

It is because of officialdom's shameful neglect that, while 394 mothers died in 1931 for every 100,000 children born, the figures increased last year to no fewer than 432 maternal deaths.

That admission of the Ministry of Health is a damning indictment of its own failure.

Broken promise

We were told last May that the Ministry would launch a nation-wide campaign to save the mothers. Sir Hilton Young, we were assured, would urge all local authorities to improve their maternal welfare schemes.

Last May, let us repeat. Yet nothing has happened. Nothing more has been heard of that long-wanted campaign.

Having administered its dose of soothing syrup to the public, the Ministry has apparently gone to sleep.

Will the sleepers awake?

Will the shocking admission it has just been forced to make galvanise it into action at last? Will the local authorities be stirred from their callous apathy?

We can only hope that it will be so. The only certainty is that the local councils will never fulfil their plain duty unless pressure is forthcoming from Whitehall.

For of all the thousands of local bodies in the country, only a few dozen make adequate provision for expectant mothers.

The doctor's vain call

That is why, in thousands of cases, the doctor is not called to a poor woman until she is past his skill—until it is time to pull down the blinds and record the death of yet another mother.

Laziness?

Yet the local authorities have wide powers to set up maternal welfare centres and to see that every mother secures the medical attention she needs. Sheer laziness appears the only reason why these powers are not used.

But we must emphasise that the Ministry of Health cannot be absolved from responsibility.

It has been told by a committee of experts, in the clearest language, that one-half of the great number of deaths in childbirth can be prevented. It is the duty of the Ministry to see that they *are* prevented.

Why then, we must ask, are the mothers allowed to die?

Taking our advice

Still, JOHN BULL has won its campaign against the scandal of making lorry drivers work seventeen and eighteen hours a day.

Mr Hore-Belisha, the new Minister of Transport, has ordered that unless transport firms strictly obey the regulations concerning hours of work they are to have their licences taken away.

Good for him! The prospect of being left with lorries which they are forbidden to use should bring even the worst of slave-driving owners to reason.

Luckier London

And there's a lesson for many manufacturers in the result of the census of production, which shows that employers in the London area get 30 per cent. more output from their workers than those in the provinces.

The reasons are simple enough.

They use more up-to-date machinery and equipment. Most of them pay higher wages.

Moral—

If some of the stick-in-the-muds would look round and see where they are themselves to blame, instead of continually asking their employees to accept lower wages, they would help their country, their workers, and themselves at the same time.

Life is cheap

Then let us note—not for the first time—that about £10 is the value of a human life in the industrial North.

That is all the Wolsingham Steel Co. has to pay for a breach of the law which resulted in the death of a workman, who had been trapped by unfenced machinery

The defending solicitor impressed on the magistrates that the case merited very serious consideration. We agree—but not in the way he meant.

Is it any wonder that, as we remarked last week, industrial accidents are increasing?

Through his hat

Little wonder, either, that the Church is in disrepute while there are a good many parsons like the Rev. L. P. Jones, of Lydney, Glos.

He's the vicar who barred two bridesmaids from entering a church because their wedding headdress consisted only of small flower garlands. But he let them in when they borrowed two pocket handkerchiefs to put on their heads!

It seems to us the limit of absurdity that a girl should have to make herself look ridiculous to show reverence.

Nudism's latest

We dislike still more emphatically the dress worn by two girl bathers at Jersey. It consisted of just cap and shoes.

And their idea of "a good memento" of their holiday was to be photographed in this attire by a man they didn't know.

We're glad they have each been fined £3, equally pleased that the man has had the film confiscated. It is vulgarity of this sort that has led to "beach inspectors" and new seaside restrictions—vulgarity for which the whole public suffers.

Seaside blackmail

That reminds us that a new type of blackmailer is busy in seaside resorts.

Choosing as his victim an unaccompanied woman who is sun-bathing in a quiet spot and who has discarded most of her clothing, he says he has photographed her and demands £1 for the negative. Otherwise, he threatens, he will sell the negative to a publisher of picture postcards.

We should like to see these seaside pests in the police court, too.

Well done!

There's the usual crop of "silly season" stories about the "simple life"! just now, but here is a holiday story that really deserves telling:

Instead of using the money he had put aside for his annual holiday, a young Nottingham man spent his vacation tramping the North Country and enduring all the discomforts of the "knight of the road."

On his return, he has given £15 anonymously to provide a week's holiday for ten workless men who are not in good health.

You will search the bookstalls in vain for a finer holiday tale than this.

Happy business

Another one that pleases us is the surprise of a week's holiday with full pay received by the 500 workers of the Qualcast Factory, Derby—a notable precedent for the engineering industry.

It is also to the firm's credit that it has refused to enforce the last three wage reductions operating in the trade.

"It is a sorry business to give loyal workpeople a holiday and pay them no wages for it," says the chairman. Yes, a holiday on these terms is too often an unwanted holiday for the employee's stomach!

The law's scowl

That brings us to a good deed which has landed a South Shields butcher in the police court.

Anxious to give poor people extra value for their money, he sold sixpenny parcels containing as much as a pound and a half of good meat, only to fall foul of the law which says that meat must only be sold by weight.

But we're certain his customers will forgive him as readily as the magistrates.

The better way

Nor do we see any reason why the people of Felling, Durham should feel conscience-stricken because they have no war memorial.

When, some years ago, an attempt to raise a fund for this purpose didn't meet with sufficient response, the money collected was devoted to the relief of the dependents of those who had given their lives.

That was a method which appeals to us far more than the latest effort to raise a memorial in stone.

Justice goes astray

Once again we must draw attention to a strange freak of justice.

A Gloucester youth of twenty, son of a crippled widow and who draws only 5s. a week unemployment pay, went out the other day with another young man to look for work. Neither had a penny in his pocket.

They didn't find work; they did find some scrap metal which is used to make up roads. They took some valued at 4s. 6d., for which they have been sent to jail for fourteen days without the option!

Crying shame

Now, these young men were first offenders with hitherto blameless characters. Why were they not placed on probation?

We are glad that the builders concerned have made it clear that they did not press the charge and that they consider the sentence "a crying shame." Moreover, they state that they have encouraged men to take the metal.

In view of these facts we say that the youths should be released at once. And we hope the Gloucester Bench will in future temper justice with mercy.

Load of germs

But we've precious little sympathy for a man named William Simms, of Surbiton, who escaped from an isolation hospital suffering from diphtheria.

The police found him at home just as he was about to embrace his wife. Result, a £1 fine.

Since it's not difficult to imagine the number of deaths he might have caused, we think he was treated more leniently than he deserved.

Light reading

"Come and see the sight of a lifetime, something you have never seen before," is an invitation that sounds attractive at first, but we hope few of our readers will need to accept it.

For the "sight" is not a film, but the range of coffins advertised by a Burnley undertaker!

And since he begins his advertisement with the claim of "Trying to educate the public," we think it time he educated himself—in the art of tact.

The Fragrant Minute.

WHEN ROUTINE PALLS

SAID Routine with a solemn mien (stern are his eyes, his hair is grey), "Through me you do, 'tis clearly seen, the maximum of work each day. I make a rut," cold Routine said, "through which your work can run with ease." "I know," breathed Man, "I wish instead you'd sometimes dawdle, just to please."

Routine was shocked, "Dawdle, indeed! How then could all the work be done?" But Man, contrary, would not heed, "I'd rather have a little fun! Always you travel by the road that is direct and swift and straight. I wouldn't care about the load if now and then I might be late."

But Routine snorted with fierce scorn, "You shiftless, foolish, lazy man, I thought I'd taught you every morn to plan your work and work your plan." "Of course you have, and that's the reason my heart won't cease its foolish wishing. Surely you know this is the season a man just longs to go a-fishing?"

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

A Plan to Revolutionise Our Holiday Habits

discussed by Sir Lawrence CHUBB

Secretary of the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Association

Playgrounds for the Million

VAST natural playgrounds for the people! Great expanses of forest, mountain country, or moor and down land, in which thousands of city folk go camping or rambling, spending week-ends or holidays lasting a month, staying as long as they wish, enjoying the freedom of the enchanting place, freely, as a right, without fee or restriction!

Such is the picture conjured up in one's imagination by the idea of national parks; an idea which, if—as many people desire—it be brought to fruition, will considerably change the holiday habits of millions of people in Britain.

To many of us, who are used to our urban open spaces, the term "park" suggests something artificial, constructed with the aid of the landscape gardener. National parks, however, imply something quite different.

They are to be great stretches of country—adapted to camping, hiking, mountaineering and Nature study—which would, under the national parks scheme, become national reserves, preserved in their natural condition by the nation in perpetuity, for the use and recreation of all who desire to visit them.

Many of these areas are already popular centres for ramblers and others who love to holiday in the open air. Others would gain popularity if access to them were assured, and if amenities were provided.

So strong has been the support of the national parks idea that a National Parks Committee was appointed some years ago, and its report was published in 1931. This report strongly supported the proposal for the creation of such parks in Britain. But, since then, nothing has been done by the Government towards that object.

Yet, as things now stand, we have no real assurance, in law, that the natural characteristics of some of our great open spaces will be preserved, nor that recreational facilities will be improved.

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It is easy to call to mind areas which would be eminently suitable for conversion into national parks. There are, for instance, the Lake District, the Peak district, the Cairngorm Range in Scotland, Snowdonia and the Black Mountains and Brecon Beacons in Wales.

There are the noble and rugged stretches of Dartmoor, the softer beauty of the South Downs, and the varied country of the Norfolk Broads. And also Dovedale, that lovely upper valley of the River Dove, which would make an ideal "pocket" national park.

In all of these the trees, flowers, birds and animals would be protected from destruction; and every facility for the camper and pedestrian would be provided, while conserving the natural beauty and wildness of the countryside.

Camping sites—with properly cleared spaces where fires could be made without danger to trees—would be provided. There would be trails through the forests and across the hills, and reliable direction signs. The ramblers' organisations would be encouraged to maintain their hostels in suitable spots, and the white tents of thousands of campers could be erected—without cramping or crowding—within the generous confines of these great parks.

Some inkling of this veritable revolution in the recreational life of the people—providing means for a far greater exodus to the open country—may be derived even from what has been accomplished in the case of certain lands which are now controlled by the Government.

I refer to the forest lands administered by the Forestry Commission. Of late there has been an increasing manifestation of the willingness of the Commission to grant facilities for public access to and enjoyment of these areas.

The Forestry Commission controls some 900,000 acres of land: 185 sections in all, and including such large tracts as the New Forest and the Forest of Dean.

Here the transition to national parks should be easy. In fact, the New Forest is already safeguarded by an Act of Parliament which assures the public right of access to the open forest or common land. The Forest of Dean, too, as a common, is a national park in all but name. Newly planted areas, of course, must be protected until the young growths are sufficiently sturdy.

The forest lands controlled by the Commission also include certain hill-tops and other high land which will never be planted, but which is admirably adapted to the needs of climbers and hikers.

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It is said that one of the factors responsible for the increasingly sympathetic attitude of the Forestry Commissioners towards the hikers is the recorded experience of themselves and of certain private landowners in Scotland who have discovered that hikers and campers, when properly instructed, render substantial aid in protecting woods and heath from fire and other injury, and may be relied upon not to interfere with sporting rights.

The Forestry Commission has invited the co-operation of the various organisations, such as the Youth Hostels Association, the Ramblers' Federations, the Commons Preservation Society, the Camping Club, and others.

With them it has discussed such matters as the construction of new pathways and the setting up of direction signs. The Commission has provided some of its superfluous huts and other buildings, to be used as hostels, and has also indicated suitable camping sites.

Here we have an indication—a foretaste—of the immense stimulus to open-air life which can obtain when a Government body is prepared to assist the growing army of open-air holiday-makers with advice, guidance and the extension of facilities.

But we must bear in mind that the primary object of the Forestry Commission is the development and protection of British timber, and that the provision of amenities for the public must always be a secondary matter, according to the very terms of the Commission's existence.

Yet the Commission has been able to accomplish quite a lot, and doubtless will accomplish more How much more could be achieved were it a body—such as a National Parks Commission – empowered to act with the sole objective of preserving our great areas of natural beauty for the reasonable recreation of the public! Not, of course, that this objective would in any way conflict with that of the Forestry Commission—the preservation of our woodlands and further planting is a task of vital importance.

And at this point I would emphasise that the public also has its responsibilities—which grow in proportion to its privileges. Those who enjoy our forests, downs and hills must resolve to do their utmost to aid in protecting the trees, flowers and living creatures which are a part of the living beauty of the countryside.

But one thing is amply clear, with regard to the national parks: without co-ordination and encouragement by Whitehall the plan is not feasible.

The National Parks Committee suggested an outlay by the Government of £5,000 or £10,000 annually towards their purpose. But owing to economy measures even this nominal amount was not forthcoming. Now that some improvement in conditions is evident, it would surely not be too much to expect a sympathetic reconsideration of this question by the Government.

It is true that much may be done towards our objective by broad and far-seeing rural planning schemes, but co-ordination and official encouragement are needed if national parks are to become a concrete and early reality.

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The task is not as difficult as some may imagine from the financial point of view. Many of our great recreation centres include considerable stretches of common land. The Lake District is an instance of this. These commons are already safeguarded, and may be regarded as the nuclei of national parks.

The formation of such parks would merely mean placing the commons under proper control and linking them together by broad reserves, thus preserving access and passage from one to the other. And the establishment of national parks would mean that whatever rights the public now enjoy would be regularised and secured.

That Britain's most beautiful areas of wild or natural country should be preserved for all time by the nation, for the health and enjoyment of the nation, is indeed a magnificent conception. National parks in various parts of the country—whither the people of city, town or village could repair for health-giving recreation—would be an important factor in the development of healthy and Nature-loving citizens—surely a laudable aim.

But, as I have said, such a scheme implies the support of the Government, as regards the provision of financial and other assistance; as well as the co-operation of the public, both in the form of moral support for this great aim and in their assistance in helping to protect our woods and heaths from fire, and our young plantations and flowers from injury and vandalism.

Will the camper get this new outlook on lovely Dovedale—"an ideal national 'pocket' park"?

CUT the COST of

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has a passion for conferences. Here he is enjoying himself characteristically just before one begins

TO the setting-up of Royal Commissions there is no end. Their long record of waste in time and money merely seems to encourage their survival. They seem proof alike against ridicule and failure.

You can count on the fingers of one hand those that have justified their existence since the beginning of the century.

Here, now, is a newcomer in the time-honoured procession—the Royal Commission on Tithes, announced by the Government with a great flourish as the instrument that will provide a basis of settlement in the Queen Anne's Bounty war.

Will it, we wonder. There was a Royal Commission on Tithes nearly forty years ago. It deliberated for many years, heard hundreds of witnesses and spent thousands of pounds of public money. Eventually it produced the recommendations which have created the present impasse—and paved the way for another Royal Commission to undo its work. A fine object-lesson to the taxpayers!

Some time this year another Royal Commission "may" report. It bears the fearsome title of the Royal Commission on the Codification of Income Tax Law. It has been sitting for over six years in dead and solemn silence. The promise that it "may" report this year was made by its second chairman. On the other hand it "may" not.

It is time that a little limelight was held on this habit of our legislators of appointing Commissions and Committees of Enquiry to do their thinking for them.

Whenever a public issue crops up with which a Front Bench feels powerless to deal, the dodge is to appoint a Royal Commission and so to dispose of it. When there is a grievance, crying aloud for abatement and supported by obvious and irrefutable facts, a favourite procedure is to appoint a Committee "to enquire further" into those facts.

Very often these Commissions and Committees sit for years—long after the original cause which brought them into existence has vanished or been forgotten.

They ramble on

Sometimes original members die, but others are appointed and the Commission goes pleasantly along, spending public money in interviewing armies of witnesses and accumulating mountains of facts and opinions.

They record every word uttered whether the witness is an expert or a mere crank and busybody, and in the end they publish all this in some colossal tome which nobody reads, or wants to read.

It often happens that the Commission itself fails to agree on the evidence put before it and issues a majority *and* a minority report. Even where this does not take place it is the exception rather than the rule for any legislation to follow.

Lest you should think this mere exaggeration, let a few facts concerning recent Commissions and Committees speak for themselves.

The Betting Commission sat for two years and cost the country £34,000. The net return to the country so far is £325 obtained from sales of evidence given before it.

The Drink Commission cost £20,000. It sat for three years and its deliberations and conclusions have yielded precisely nothing. Its report, however, sold better than that of the Betting Commission, netting the Stationery Office £3,494.

Other recent Commissions which have reported, with their costs are:

Unemployment Insurance	£14,691
Indian Statutory	£15,150
National Museums	£2,862
Transport	£4,381
Labour in India	£78,750
Civil Service	£62,125

There are others which have not reported yet and others which never seem likely to reach that blessed finality.

Sixty years old!

For instance, the Historical Manuscripts Commission has been sitting since 1870, and so far has spent nearly £100,000

A Commission on Scottish Savings was appointed in 1917-18. So far it has spent £106,692.

Since the war there have been more than thirty Royal Commissions appointed. The labours of more than half of them have been completely futile.

The charges they have run up are no longer itemised, so no check can be made upon costs. Occasionally, however, details do emerge which give some idea of the way money is squandered. One Commission which issued many volumes of reports rounded off the good work with an index which cost £2,000 to compile. Four others produced 16,000 pages of reports and ran up a printing bill of £18,000.

The record in waste, however, is held by a Royal Commission "to improve the breed of racehorses." This Commission had to decide how the Queen's Plate Bounty should be used as prizes at Agricultural Shows. It cost £73,941 to find out. The total sales of its report realised £3.

But the real depths of futility and fatuity are reached when we come to consider some of the numberless Committees which are always going in a full blast of enquiry.

Mr MacDonald always had a passion for Committees, but since the National Government has been in power he has excelled himself. They are now increasing at the rate of between twenty and thirty a year. Apparently no field is beyond the reach of this thirst for information—at a cost.

Tumours on tiddlers

Their record of uselessness as far as practical results are concerned beats even that of the Royal Commissions.

One Committee has been enquiring, at great expense, into the political convictions of M.P.s during the years 1284 to 1832 and 1834 to 1932.

Another appointed in 1929 sat for three years to enquire into furunculosis, meaning boils and tumours, among trout and other fresh water fish. Yet another appointed in the same year was to enquire into *the best ways of holding an enquiry.*

A hungry public is still waiting for reports from about a score of these Committees. In case, however, too many of them should clear up together, the Government hurriedly appointed three new Committees, as almost its last act before Parliament rose for the summer recess.

Besides this orgy of Commissions and Committees there is yet another wasteful pastime of the post-war Governments that is worthy of some notice. That is, the spate of useless foreign and international conferences and Whitehall's expensive penchant for foreign travel.

Squanderlust

The last big meeting was the World Economic Conference in South Kensington. Its estimated expenditure before it began was £26,000, plus a few score thousand gold francs. But that estimate was surpassed and none of the public know yet what the true cost was. And to what end?

The stalemate end to the Conference merely keeps up the tradition of most of the international gatherings which have taken place since the war.

It will be interesting to see whether the ultimate cost of it will also be in keeping with the lavish ideas which Whitehall acquired with its post-war technique of wanderlust diplomacy.

Foreign office and Cabinet excursions abroad on fruitless missions and conferences have piled up a colossal expenses total since 1918.

The history of nearly all these excursions has been the same. A few days or weeks of windy talk, then a face-saving resolution, followed by an agreement which is defunct before the signatures are dry.

Who cares?

Lausanne cost £15,397. What practical effect does it have to-day? At the Genoa Conference "a good time was had by all" to the tune of £6,625 10s. 8d., expended on special trains, hotel suites and numerous "extras."

Who remembers the Genoa Conference to-day except, possibly, some Foreign Office archivist whose job it is to keep order among the historical lumber in the pigeon-holes?

The mission to Russia spent £18,000. Every penny was wasted when the Westminster see-saw put the Tories in, and the first Labour Government out.

One could go on quoting endless other

HOMELY WISDOM by Canon R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Don't Let Others Make Your Life

A PERSON from whom I hear sometimes, and of whose sorrows I know a good deal, wrote to me not long ago telling me of a sad case of injustice in the life of a friend. The letter contains the following sentence: "Life is not what we make it ourselves; it is what others make it for us."

Is this true?

To a large extent it is; but not so fully as the writer thinks. Unquestionably it is true on the surface, true of nearly everyone. It is true that we cannot escape being made glad or sorry by what others do to us or leave undone.

It is true that they have power to hurt us in one way or another, power perhaps to break our hearts if we give our hearts into their keeping.

But I don't believe it is true that any life need be utterly ruined by another person's malevolence or that we can be left entirely without inward consolation if we have kept a clear conscience under unmerited injury.

* * *

Here are some actual experiences that have come under my notice this very week. That in each case they have spoiled a life and left a bitter memory behind is undoubted. What I want to suggest is that the sufferers need not be wholly without comfort even if no earthly redress is possible

An elderly man is caught by a designing woman who has disgraced his name, rendered his daily life wretched, wasted his savings, destroyed his health, slandered him far and near, and may yet be the cause of his losing the job he has held with credit for almost half a lifetime. She has crowned the evil by leaving him on a false accusation, sued him for maintenance in a court of law and secured a verdict in her favour by unscrupulous perjury.

* * *

Is it to be wondered at that the man who has been thus wickedly treated should feel that the wrong done to him has envenomed his soul and will continue to do so to the day of his death?

A respectable woman finds that the husband she trusted is living a double life. Not only has he been unfaithful to her repeatedly and been a burden upon her instead of the helper he promised to be when he married her, but he has cleverly managed to convince most people who know them both that it is she, and not he, who has been the sinner.

He is a plausible good-for-nothing who can talk with tears in his eyes any time he wants to, and the result is that the wife shrinks from showing her face out of doors, for she feels—perhaps mistakenly—that all her neighbours are prejudiced against her. Being a silent reserved creature, she cannot defend herself.

* * *

I know a third man well who in the evening of life is compelled to become the sole support of relatives who in the past have done everything they could to humiliate him and destroy his reputation. He knows that had they been under obligation to support him they would have ground their heel into his face. His blood boils at the knowledge that they must be laughing now because the situation is the reverse

Hearken then, all of you. Detach yourselves from the personal clutch of these wrongs just as if they had been done to somebody else and not to you. It can be done, though you may not think so just now, and it is your only hope of escape from sorrow that kills.

Just sit down quietly and don't get up until you have made yourself immune to feelings of hatred and revenge. The inflicters of wrong are far more to be pitied than you; happy they cannot be, with the knowledge of what they have done gnawing at them.

Leave the issue to God and be at peace.

of the CACKLE!

Leaving after a session of a recent Royal Commission. Note the thoughtful expressions—especially on the face of the man in the background who probably wonders "What's it all worth—to me?"

HOW THE TAXPAYER'S MONEY DRIBBLES DOWN THE DRAIN

nstances of taxpayers' money poured down the drain on the last decade's orgy of conferences, which subsequent events have either nullified or converted into embarrassments.

Our delegates to the Washington Disarmament Conference presented an expenses list afterwards of £49,446 for the few weeks' stay. Was it money well spent? The happenings at Geneva a few days ago is the answer, and the present naval shipbuilding programmes of America, France, Japan and Italy.

Locarno was cheap. "Standing treat to the signatories to the Pact cost a mere £1,370. But we are hearing a lot about Locarno just now.

The Hague Reparations Conference cost over £10,000 for its short sitting. All we came out of it with was a new nickname for Lord Snowden—"the Iron Chancellor." But all his iron did not help us much.

This international gadding about by our statesmen and "experts" is a post-war invention. Before the war, on the rare occasions when a Cabinet Minister left this country for negotiations abroad he took with him, as a rule, a couple of secretaries. And even then those journeys would only be embarked upon for the most important and weightiest of business.

Every other kind of negotiation, however delicate, was undertaken and carried by our Ambassadors in the countries concerned.

England wins there!

Nowadays an Under-Secretary hurrying off to Geneva to settle a trade question with an obscure South American Republic thinks nothing of travelling with a retinue and luggage which would do credit to a touring theatrical company.

And in all the display surrounding this newly created conference game England seems to set the pace in lavishness and care-free expenditure.

Study the amounts for missions and services charged in the French Treasury reports and in the Washington national accounts, and you will find no comparable items to those in our Auditor General's accounts.

American and French delegations apparently travel light and live simply. Extras are negligible in amount.

For instance, they do not appear to need the services of Press agents for their work. But our delegations, it appears, cannot get on without these services.

In the Civil Accounts issued last year appeared an item under the Foreign Office Vote of £215,911 for "news department expenses abroad"!

In the accounts issued this year, expenditure under this heading is absent. Why? Did the Whitehall mandarins decide that Press publicity for our statesmen at such a cost was no longer worth while? Or did they anticipate trouble from some enquiring M.P. patient enough to dig down into that morass of figures known as the Civil Appropriation Accounts, and bring such facts to light?

There are plenty of similar facts there waiting for the patient digger.

Plenty of ammunition there for those who want to bring their batteries to bear on the economy policies of the Government.

Where's that axe?

Who and what, for instance, is the Special Mission to the Vatican that has cost £73,000 up to March, 1932? Why has a Mexican Claims Commission spent £17,705? On what??

There are some queer comparisons.

Numerous Governmental trade delegations and missions have run away with scores of thousands of pounds. Yet an expedition of such solid worth and practical achievement as the Prince of Wales' visit with Prince George to South America cost only £300.

These international excursions seem to have escaped the sweep of the economy axe which has so ruthlessly cut into the expenditure on the necessary public services and into the wages of public servants at home.

They have been sacrosanct as far as any discussion of them is concerned. When the accounts of every other kind of national expenditure have been gone over with a microscope these somehow seem to have escaped scrutiny.

Yet the total expenditures on delegation, commissions and missions abroad under *temporary* Foreign Office Votes only, amount to £1,259,299 and £346,776 for the last two financial years respectively.

Gag the ga-gas

If ever a new "cuts" campaign is on, Parliament might usefully bring its attention to bear on some of these items. The only people who will grumble are foreign hotel proprietors and the wagon-lit companies, who have done so well since the travel fever seized Whitehall.

The overwhelming case against the majority of these committees, commissions, missions and conferences is that they are a wasteful and futile way of conducting the nation's business. They are merely torrents of words, meaningless almost as soon as they are uttered, produced at intolerable cost. Merely cackle.

Let us cut some of this cackle. We will come all the sooner to the hosses.

THE SACRIFICE

UP and down the country gardens are aflame with the last blaze of summer

The withered flowers of yesterday have been uprooted and await destruction on the bonfires that are to be their altar of sacrifice.

There is peace and beauty in this scene—even in the passing of yesterday's beauty for the enthronement of the new, which is all a part of the wonderful cycle of Nature. But there is danger too. . . .

From such a scene in a South Devon garden soared a tiny spark to float through the bedroom window of a neighbouring house. In a few minutes sylvan tranquillity had given place to panic and tumult

Flames licked from the windows. All the upstairs effects of the family occupying the house were destroyed in that heartbreaking fire.

But it was fortunate for that family that they had signed and forwarded to us a JOHN BULL free insurance form such as is reprinted on page 34 of this issue for your benefit. For we paid for the damage to their goods and so took a crushing load from their shoulders.

Do you enjoy the benefits of this unique protection? It is the work of thirty seconds only—and the next thirty seconds will do.

An open letter to GRACIE FIELDS—

MY DEAR GRACIE,—They say imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. You, like a good many other people, have found that it can be the sincerest form of nuisance.

You, the most good-tempered and kindly of actresses, have at last been goaded into action against the multitude of Gracie Fields' impersonators. "It is becoming nauseating," you say.

I quite agree with you. Even if they were all first-rate, one could have too much of a good thing. But when, as is often the case, they are bad or indifferent, they don't do your reputation any good, and are an unnecessary infliction on the public.

* * *

Your protest is justified. On one day recently you were mimicked in four different broadcast programmes, and some time ago you were impersonated by three out of eight acts at a London variety hall.

This is flattery with a vengeance. No wonder you, with your honest-to-goodness disposition, are sickened by it.

You'd be the very last, I know, to stand in the way of a fellow artist getting a living even by imitating your own art. But there are limits.

The so-called impersonators who merely render a very second-rate copy of your voice, gestures, gags and mannerisms are not artists at all. They add nothing of their own personality or their own art to the character they are representing, as did the great impersonators like Vesta Tilley.

They are really not much better than petty thieves. They haven't got originality enough to strike out on a line of their own, so they simply crib something that has already found favour with the public and hope to get away with it.

It's easy money for them.

But the fact remains they are stealing from you, just as much as if they went into a shop and lifted some of the goods.

For your goods *are* the goods, and they are your own—the fruit of your originality and labours. You didn't lift them from somebody else.

I wonder how many of these inferior imitators of you ever give a moment's thought to the years and years of hard work that lie behind the finished art upon which they batten like parasites.

Do they realise that you started developing your stage personality at the age of seven, that your earliest pay was a shilling a week?

It's no justification for those who pass off on the public inferior versions of your gifts to say that you yourself have done impersonations. Most stage-folk have at one time or other.

I believe that when you were a little girl one of your most successful imitations was of poor George Formby. It amused people so much that you vowed you would never do any mimicry on the stage. Later on you found you had to—but never once did you lose sight of the fact that it was Gracie Fields you would put across eventually.

You didn't want to li[illegible] borrowed plumes.

I see you intend to institute legal proceedings against impersonators who do not obtain written permission from you to give their imitations.

I'll bet your soft heart will let a lot of those written permissions go out!

At the same time, I'm interested to find that you have a legal remedy apparently for the nuisance. There you are luckier than a lot of people.

This age, as perhaps you know, my dear Gracie, is an age of imitation. Everybody is busy copying somebody else who has discovered a way to success.

I could tell you stories of blatant imitation in the realm of journalism, for instance, that would make you say "Ba goom, laad!"

Then in literature. You find an author getting a success with a particular kind of book. Immediately up springs a crowd of second-rate imitators all working the same field in the hope of the same reward.

In business and commerce you find people copying ("stealing" is the right word) other people's ideas unblushingly, and very often getting away with the credit that belongs to the innovator.

If that old adage I quoted at the top of this letter is true, then nine-tenths of the world is engaged in sincerely flattering the other tenth.

* * *

You are lucky if you have legal redress against the people who pick your brains. In other walks of life it is not so easy to stop.

Originality of talent was never a very common commodity; but in the old days there did seem to be some compunction about merely copying it when it did appear.

After all, Shakespeare and Handel were champion "lifters." But they did add something of their own genius to what they stole. And so we can forgive them. They weren't just dud imitators.

You, I take it, have no grouse against the genuine artist who, while impersonating you does it in such a way that she produces something quite original in its own line. It is the mere blatant "pincher" that you are out to stop, and, believe me, the public will not be ungrateful if you manage to do so.

JOHN BULL

NO WONDER you're FED UP!

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Lord DUNSANY,
London

MY LORD,—Don't tell children there may not be another war, you say, lest they live in a fool's paradise. You add that disarmament can have no effect in preventing war.

That will please the armament makers, no doubt. But as we've never tried disarmament I see no reason for your assertion.

And it is those folk who believe that arms mean security—ignoring the lessons of 1914 and even to-day—who inhabit the fool's paradise of which you talk.

JOHN BULL.

Miss CELIA COLLINGE,
Moss Side, Manchester

DEAR MADAM,—A man and woman, who had watched you draw your unemployment pay, threw pepper in your eyes in a vain effort to steal your pittance. I am glad you managed to save it, though you had to go to hospital.

And I should like to see those meanest thieves on record turned over to a "dole" queue for punishment.

JOHN BULL.

BISHOP OF GUILDFORD: "League of Nations has no belief in God, therefore no champions for peace and goodwill," you declare. I thought it had no belief in Man.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM PRESCOTT,
Metropolitan Water Board

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—While your Board proposes to spend six millions to safeguard London's water supply, the Government could afford only one million to aid the innumerable places which have actually suffered the horrors of drought.

The honours are yours. But the comparison will bring no shame to a Government which seems to regard parsimony as laudable and meanness as a positive virtue.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. BATEMAN,
Thurnscoe Urban Council, Yorks

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—A new church is being built, and when you, as a member of the church council, asked why not one local man is employed on the work you were told it was no business of yours.

Will the unemployed forget this and attend its future services? I doubt it, but perhaps the church council has no use for them either as workers or worshippers.

JOHN BULL.

CRANE COOPER,
Hull

COOPER,—Though guilty of fraud you deserve a little pity, for your downfall is more due to vanity than anything worse.

While working away from home, you exaggerated your salary to your wife and sent her more than you could afford. This led you to moneylenders and eventually to crime, now to jail for three months.

A heavy penalty for trying to be kind to your wife!

JOHN BULL.

The TOWN COUNCIL,
Portnockie, Banff

MIGHTY ONES,—I know that the pressure put upon poor people to enforce the payment of rates is an unpleasant necessity in most towns.

But I hope there will never be a repetition of your scandalous action in nailing a summons to the door of a woman's house during her absence at work.

I'm not surprised that instead of intimidating the rest of the inhabitants it has excited sympathy for the victim and disgust that she should have been humiliated in their name.

JOHN BULL.

Miss KATHLEEN SEWELL,
Lytham St. Annes, Lancs

DEAR MADAM, — Quick observation enabled you to notice a child's hand suddenly break from canal water. Courage made you dive in. Knowledge helped you to save him by artificial respiration.

You had modesty, too, for you hurried off and travelled twenty miles in wet clothes.

You're a teacher, I see—and a fine example to your scholars.

JOHN BULL.

The CLERK,
Worcester Police Court

DEAR SIR,—"Can't you persuade your wife to practise even a little further economy?"

That is what you asked a man who told the Bench he had a wife and five children and an income of 35s. "dole," and who was in arrears with his rent.

I wish you would practise a little further economy in words. Put yourself in the place of that workless man and you'll see why.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman D. SANDERS,
Macclesfield, Cheshire

DEAR ALDERMAN,—Only men with plenty of money can afford to become mayor of your town, you complain, recalling that when you held the position you had to draw upon your hard-earned savings.

That is true of many towns, as I have shown in the past.

And you will agree with me, I know, when I repeat that merit and not means should be the only qualification to any public office.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. J. PROSSER,
Cardiff Solicitor

DEAR SIR,—"There are hundreds of one-eyed workmen employed underground," you declared when applying for the termination of compensation to an injured man.

That seems incredible to me. Surely mining calls for good—and full—sight!

JOHN BULL.

Rev. R. J. B. LEWIS,
West Hoathly, Sussex

DEAR VICAR,—Like you, I dislike the folk who stand about in churchyards and gape at funerals. But I doubt if your tactful letter to parishioners, in which you say that "all who wish to attend funerals will be welcomed at the service," will end the nuisance.

The rubbernecks believe "They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. PHILPOT,
Stratford Police Court, London

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—A good deal of publicity has been given to the statement of two 'bus conductors that they would lose a day's pay for attending your court to give evidence against a disorderly passenger.

But now London Transport emphatically denies the allegation.

This is surely a matter for the attention of the police.

JOHN BULL.

The WAR of the WALTERS

This little Walter for markets wants to roam . . .

—by—

G. Gardiner

HERE are two members of the Government to whom the rise in the unemployment figures for July will give very different feelings. They are the two Walters—Mr. Runciman, esident of the Board of Trade, and lliot, the Minister for Agriculture. ugh wearing the same stable s, these Ministers are backing nt horses, and trouble is brewing en them.

that trouble the July figures are tent Taken alone they are not ing but following on the rise of ployment in June they suggest the tide of trade is turning, and the moderate boom which began ummer and continued through the r is at an end.

all hope it is not so. Even Mr. iman, I am sure, hopes that it is . But he has warned the country it may be so, and has hinted that esponsibility rests on the head of linister for Agriculture.

clash between Mr. Runciman and Elliot has long been imminent, for approach the problem of trade diametrically opposite points of

ey are, in their different ways, ably the ablest members of the net. They are both men of unusual rs and vast industry, and each be- s fervently in his own gospel.

☆ ☆ ☆

one in Parliament has a greater of cold, lucid speech than Mr. iman, while Mr. Elliot bubbles over ideas and enthusiasm and stam- s opposition by the sheer energy is mind.

it they are as remote from each r in outlook as they are in tempera- t. Mr. Runciman was born and bred he Free Trade doctrine, and, though member of the present Government has trimmed his sails to the tempest, ave no doubt that he still believes the utmost freedom of exchange he lifeblood of trade.

he has yielded to Protection, he yielded unwillingly, and always with hope that it would in the end be means of bringing other countries reason. He would like to see all the rictions that are strangling world de removed, and I question whether would admit that there is any other cure for the depression from which every country is suffering.

Mr. Elliot's point of view is the contrary.

He began his political career as a Fabian Socialist, and believes in the gospel of "planning" as ardently as Mr. Sidney Webb. The idea that trade should be left to flow freely he dismisses as antiquated and obsolete.

He accepts economic nationalism as the order of the modern world, and holds that we must adjust ourselves to that fact. If every other country is determined to live to itself and on itself we must do the same.

We must live in a state of ceaseless economic war. All the armoury of restrictions, tariffs, quotas and subsidies must be brought into play, and trade must be taught to flow, not in its natural channels but in those designed for it in the Ministry of Agriculture.

This means that we must reconcile ourselves to the extinction of our export trade. But Mr. Elliot would argue that what we lose on the swings we shall gain on the roundabouts. The monopoly of the home market will compensate us for the loss of the foreign markets.

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And so with the consumer.

He will have to pay more, for artificially regulated production means a higher cost of production. Someone has got to pay for the quotas and subsidies and tariffs. But as a set-off to this it is assumed that the consumer will benefit because the monopoly of the home market will provide him with more employment

Now all this is anathema to Mr. Runciman. While Mr. Elliot in one office in Whitenall is scheming to obstruct trade with foreign countries, Mr. Runciman in another office in Whitehall is trying to build up trade with foreign countries. He is trying to use the Protection he loathes, not as an end, but as a means to an end.

He is inviting other countries to join with us in lowering tariffs and restoring some measure of Free Trade. And at every turn he finds the other Walter queering his pitch.

It was this that led to the breakdown of his negotiations with the Dutch Government a month or so ago. Those negotiations failed because, thanks to Mr. Elliot's quotas and tariffs for this, that and the other, Mr. Runciman could not offer Holland a better market for her agricultural produce in exchange for a better market in Holland for British goods.

This incident, I fancy, caused Mr. Runciman to issue a thinly veiled warning to his neighbour in Whitehall that he is getting to the end of his tether. He is tired of seeing his efforts to expand British export trade defeated by Mr. Elliot's marketing schemes.

In a very outspoken speech in the House of Commons just before Parliament rose he declared that the home market had reached "saturation point" and that the only hope of British trade recovery now lies in the export markets.

This was taken, by those who heard it, to mean that he does not intend to allow his policy of expanding British trade through bilateral agreements with other countries to be shipwrecked on Mr. Elliot's economic nationalism.

His view that the home market has reached "saturation point" is widely held, and it is supported by the drop in the July employment figures. If that drop continues, the stage will be set for a straight fight between the Runciman policy of expanding exports and the Elliot policy of contracting them.

Hitherto Mr. Elliot has made all the running. Since the present Government came into office the foreign trade of this country has been reduced by nearly one-half in gold values.

In 1931 our net imports amounted in value to £797,400,000. Last year they amounted to £417,800,000. In 1931 our exports amounted to £390,600,000. Last year they amounted to £245,000,000.

☆ ☆ ☆

This terrific shrinkage in our world trade has not been imposed on us from outside. It is the result of a deliberate act of policy of our own.

And the magnitude of the shrinkage exceeds the visible loss. As our imports have fallen, our invisible exports have declined in equal ratio. It was our imports from abroad which paid interest on our investments abroad, on our shipping and on our services abroad.

In cutting down our imports we are cutting down, not merely our visible exports, but those invisible exports which have been the keystone of our financial greatness.

Is this policy to be persisted in until our world trade is completely obliterated? Is it to be said of us as the poet said of Venice: "Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee"?

That is the issue behind the conflict between Mr. Runciman and Mr. Elliot.

. . . but this little Walter thinks he can find 'em all at home

Not from the B.B.C.—

It'll Never Happen Again!

IN the roystering days of our youth,
When we gorged ourselves into a pain,
Or carelessly sat on our grandfather's hat
Or rolled dad's last stud down the drain,
Unable to make an excuse,
With one eye on the family cane,
We said with a look of most pious resolve:
"It never will happen again."
And what else could we say, with the blessed thing done?
"It never will happen again!"

It never *did* happen again, of course. We took good care of that. For those were the great old days when a father's frown was as ominous as war clouds over Europe, a pliable cane was part of the kitchen furniture, and carpet slippers had two distinct uses, the lesser of which was as an article of wear.

Stern old fathers they were in those times, yet how softened and humanised they could be by those words: "It will never happen again." The late Sir Edward Marshall Hall himself might have spoken them, so effective were they in winning reprieve or free pardon.

We had to live up to those promises, of course, especially when father was at home. Yet it presented no really insuperable difficulties, if you think it out. We could see that it didn't happen again without "putting a check on boyish fun" or "curbing a youngster's natural sense of mischief," as mother used to say when she made excuses for us.

For instance, suppose you had made such a promise after being tried and found guilty of dropping an apple from the gallery at chapel right on to the bald head of the local wheelwright. You couldn't very well vary your practice next week by making the apple an orange and choosing the bushy hair of the verger. It wouldn't be cricket, so to speak.

But such a promise obviously didn't give cover against your releasing a mouse in the porch, directing the itinerant vendor of braces to the front door of Miss Tasher's Select Boarding House for Girls, or putting itch powder down the back of the page-boy at the local hotel to get him accused of practising contortion in the lounge during his hours of duty.

"It never will happen again!" Wonderful promise. Who dares to make it nowadays in this unsteady, uncertain world? Well, our latest optimists are the strong, silent men of the Central Electricity Board, the men who gave us the Grid that went wrong the other week and caused a hiatus in the Sunday dinner over thirteen counties in East and South-East England! They don't know how it happened but they do know it won't happen again. There's optimism for you.

"The Grid will not fail again," are their exact words. Just that—and now everyone can sleep comfortable in their beds.

Well, we could if we were not haunted by the feeling that we have heard that comforting phrase so often in the past—and that it has happened again—it, or something worse.

To the twelve million people or more
Who sighed for their dinners in vain,
Or found joints in the raw were far from mild
When the current expired in the main;
To the people let down by the tram,
Who walked home from church in the rain,
The C.E.B. says in a pious resolve:
"It never will happen again."
(*The breakdown might happen at night next time.*)
But "It never will happen again!"

Now pylons will be proper,
Switches up to scratch;
Currents will behave themselves
And "neg" and "pos" will match;
Watts and ohms are penitent,
They'll light our lamps again;
Shocks will be barred (not *any* sent!),
They'll hate to cause us pain.
And each live wire
To a purpose higher
Will lottily aspire,
And soberly chorus
A new song for us—
"Never, never again!"

Perhaps!

JOHN BULL

Mr. Shadforth, the best known of all Dispensing Chemists, Founder of the Shadforth Prescription Service, famous all over the civilised world.

GOING STRONG AFTER 50 YEARS 1884–1934

HALF-A-CENTURY DEVOTED TO THE RELIEF OF SUFFERING

GET BACK GOOD HEALTH BY ORDERING ANY OF THE WORLD'S BEST PRESCRIPTIONS PUBLISHED BELOW. SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTIONS PROMOTE HEALTH and SAVE YOU DOCTOR'S BILLS. See Special Offer ★

"I commenced dispensing medicines in January, 1884, and since then have probably dispensed more prescriptions than any man living. Millions of people have been served by me. In one form or another Shadforth Prescriptions to-day are prescribed by the world's best doctors, and year by year the demand for them increases. Scores of thousands of happy people remember with gratitude the relief which these prescriptions gave them. What they have done for others they can do for YOU. Order those you need NOW. Accept my Jubilee Gift Offer!"

★ SPECIAL OFFER to Readers of "John Bull"!

To commemorate this 50th anniversary, and as a special offer to "John Bull" readers, Mr. Shadforth will send FREE a copy of the 'SHADFORTH MEDICAL DICTIONARY,' published at 2/6, with every order for any of the prescription remedies published on this page. Seize this unique opportunity by sending the coupon below with your order NOW! This is available for a limited time only!

CONSTIPATION

BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, LIVER TROUBLES

Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache, jaundice, gall stones and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000).**

Prices: 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills).

MOTHER!! DO YOU KNOW THAT

operations on children for ENLARGED TONSILS and ADENOIDS are now definitely out of date?

A well-known English doctor has drawn up a most successful treatment which can be carried out easily at home. It is causing a sensation in the medical world, and is claimed to be one of the most important recent advances in medicine. This bloodless treatment, which has saved hundreds of operations, is specially dispensed with full directions for 7/6. Ask for the **Shadforth Treatment for Enlarged Tonsils and Adenoids (No. 331/TAD). Septic Tonsils and Nasal obstructions in adults** are also conquered without operation, pain, or loss of blood.

MENTAL TROUBLE, DEPRESSION.

DON'T ALLOW THOSE FITS OF THE BLUES

to cloud the sunshine out of your life—it's too risky. Exert your moral energy and pull yourself together before your mind is unbalanced.

Brain and Nerve tonics such as phosphorus, lecithin and nux vomica, together with vegetable "bitters," will certainly help you. Doctors now prescribe these in the form of **Shadforth Brand "Brain Sparklers" (Prescription No. 470).** These are magic pellets which cure Depression, Brain Fag, Loss of Memory, Debility, Neurasthenia, and banish the "blues," strain on the brain, and lassitude. They are the best tonic after influenza or other illness and in changeable weather. Prescribed for all brain workers.

Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

Can be taken alternately with the Heart Tonic (No. 632). That is to say, take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days, and so on. (See No. 632 opposite.)

THE MIGHTY MODERN TONIC FOR BRAIN AND NERVES

BRIDGING WOMAN'S DANGER YEARS

SMOOTHS OUT THE PROBLEMS OF MIDDLE LIFE

Just the thing to get you through these difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope, and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anaemic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2,457**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 pills).

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE!

NO MORE ACIDITY, GASTRITIS OR STOMACH PAINS

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion, have been cured by the "Shadforth" Stomach Tablets (No. 1077). Popularly known as "White Lions."

They give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment, which is based on the Dr. Hugh Maclean formula (improved) and used by hospitals for Stomach Troubles.

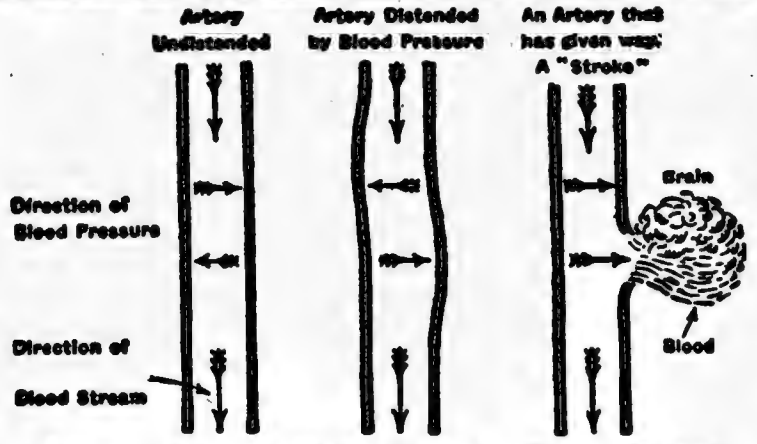
SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

Prices: 2/6 (144, over 3 weeks' supply); 7/- (432) Tablets (nearly 11 weeks' supply)

Make your mealtimes happier! A trial will convince you that "White Lions" are

Positively The World's Greatest Remedy for Indigestion.

LOWER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE



Keep Your Arteries Young, Your Blood Pressure Low and Add Years to Your Life!

Here is a treatment which will lower it, and keep it reasonably low. It is **vitally important** to keep your arteries young, **especially if you are over 40 years of age.** Steady heart action, co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries, is now possible for those past their prime. Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! The **"Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment** rapidly **reduces high blood pressure** and tension. It gives prompt relief from **palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness**; it leads to restoration and makes you feel years younger. **Get it now. Prescription No. 1168/T.** Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

Healthy Heart, Hearty Health.

HEART TROUBLE

PALPITATION, HEART AND NERVES SHAKY

Prescription that Gives Relief.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices: 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops your falling to pieces feeling. Can be taken alternately with No. 470 (Brain Sparklers) (See opposite)

You can obtain Shadforth Prescriptions from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, your local chemists, or post free at these prices from

SHADFORTH

PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LTD., Dispensing Chemists

(Dept. J.B. 14), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

THAT SUMMER COLD

is not a trifling matter

It is often the first step to **Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and Cough, Adenoids, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Catarrhal Deafness, and Hay Fever.**

You can prevent all this by the prompt use of the **"Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment,"** which has literally worked wonders in thousands of cases. It will give you immediate relief and comfort. Ask for **Prescription No. 331/T.** Prices: 2/9, 4/6, 8/6. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man from being "laid-up" for days and weeks, the cost of this famous and reliable remedy is very small.

HÆMORRHOIDS

PROMPT RELIEF AND PERMANENT RESTORATION

Here is a Tonic Laxative Treatment which quickly relieves and soothes Hæmorrhoids, associated with Constipation, Sluggish Liver and Atonic Dyspepsia. It ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. Why endure the misery of Hæmorrhoids any longer? **Ask for Shadforth Complete four-fold Hæmorrhoid Treatment No. 394/D.D. Price 7/6.**

RHEUMATISM

ACUTE GOUT, ARTHRITIS, SWOLLEN INFLAMED JOINTS.

Quick and Lasting Relief.

For all uric acid troubles, including Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Swollen Joints, and Acute Gout, a world-famed remedy is found in the **"Shadforth" Three-fold Treatment (No. 74/T).** It promptly reduces swelling and inflammation; it reduces pain and expels uric acid; it kills bacteria in the blood, and makes movement a pleasure. The treatment is second to none for Acute Gout. Supplied with full directions at 2/6 and 5/6 (No. 74/T).

"NEVERILL"

OLD SALTS

A SPOONFUL A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY!

For Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, and all forms of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout and Uric Acid Troubles.

No Health Saline Like "NEVERILL" OLD SALTS

Shadforth Prescription 565K

Bracing Daily Tonic!

Prices: 6d. & 1/- In Airtight Tins

★ FREE

Cut out this Coupon to secure 2/6 Book, Free with every order for a limited time only.

THE SHADFORTH MEDICAL DICTIONARY

by WILLIAM SHADFORTH, PH.C.

PUBLISHED AT 2/6, and containing 92 pages packed with valuable information. Gives over 4,400 references, the meaning of doctor's scientific terms, and suggests simple home treatments for complaints and ailments where advisable. THIS BOOK SHOULD BE IN EVERY WELL-RUN HOME.

These advertised prescriptions may be obtained direct from us, or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist send receipt for medicines, together with this coupon, and the book will be forwarded post free by return.

John Bull, August 18, 1934.

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS BY SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

A Robber of the Dead

I AM perplexed and apprehensive regarding the strange and cowardly attitude of some councils in dealing with the grave matter of dishonesty among their officers.

Actuated, I am sure, only by panic and a false belief that they can save the reputation of their towns and boroughs from open stigma, they often fail in their most essential duty—to prosecute the offenders.

They cannot or do not want to see that it is only by taking proceedings and thereby making all the facts known to the citizens that dishonesty among officials can be effectively stemmed.

I have before me a variety of information upon such cases, one of which calls for immediate comment.

I have held my hand for some weeks because I could not believe that the town council concerned—or such members of it as are aware of the full facts—would not cause a prosecution to be launched.

It has become apparent, however, that it is intended to do nothing, obviously in the expectation that the name of the place will not be smirched by the disclosures which would follow.

Sunderland is the town concerned, and the scandal is one of the most disquieting that has ever been brought to my notice.

It is robbery of the dead.

Missing jewels

None of the reports of evil-doing which come to me cause me greater distress—shared by police chiefs all over the country—than those which suggest that people who are maimed or killed in road accidents, who fall ill in the streets, or who die in hospital, are found mysteriously to have lost money, jewellery and the like, which was believed to be in their possession.

Ambulance attendants, policemen, hospital workers and mortuary keepers are all brought under suspicion, and the difficulties of proving the genuineness of the charges and tracing the ghouls in infinite instances are obviously immense.

When, therefore, a case can be established, it is impossible to understand why most vigorous action is withheld.

Yet this has happened in Sunderland and the public have been allowed to know nothing.

In the absence of any official statement it is not surprising that rumour has been busy.

For some months strange reports have been heard by the townspeople that persons who died in the Highfield Institution, a large hospital and infirmary owned and administered by the Sunderland Council, were found to be without articles of property when their bodies were given over to their families for burial.

Incredible

In the grief of bereavement, the disappearance of valuables was not perhaps immediately noticed by relatives, and the first rumours, therefore, were somewhat vague and scarcely to be believed.

There was always the possibility that the articles had been handed over to someone before death.

Then came more definite statements. These were to the effect that rings which were known to be on the fingers of the hospital patients just before death were afterwards missing and no one who had removed them could be traced.

Cruelly and unjustly, those who heard of such dark happenings were led to believe that suspicion was directed to the sisters and nurses in the hospital wards and to those whose duty it is to remove bodies from the wards to the mortuary.

The undertakers in the town and their servants were next by gossip made the victims of the false charge.

One day the assistant of an undertaker called at the hospital and was asked to sign a receipt for rings which, it was suggested, his employer might have taken from the body of a recently married woman who had died in the hospital.

Queer

He protested indignantly and rightly against the queer demand for a receipt, stating that neither his employer nor any other undertaker would in any circumstances take property from a corpse without express orders and without first disclosing to responsible officials his authority to do so.

Suspicion was next fastened upon a completely defenceless man—the mortuary keeper. He is so physically disabled that he is a pauper and workhouse inmate.

He had in his charge the only key of the mortuary doors, which, when he left off duty at night to return to the workhouse, he hung up in one of the hospital offices.

Fortunately, in his anguish of mind, the poor fellow confided to a charwoman at the hospital his knowledge of the acts of violation of the dead and mentioned to her his fear that he was believed to be the guilty scoundrel.

Capture

The charwoman was able to provide what can be accepted as at least a partial solution of the mystery. She had seen a male member of the hospital staff repeatedly take keys from the office when the mortuary-keeper was absent.

There had hitherto been no cause for her to be suspicious, because the man's position was such that he could have access to any part of the institution.

A watch was set, and a dramatic spectacle seemingly took place.

Next morning this official again took the key and made his way to the mortuary.

There before him lay the body of a woman who had died overnight, and on her fingers were still her rings. These he proceeded to remove.

As soon as his dastardly intentions were apparent, two watching officials stepped out and led the marauder away.

Within a few minutes the act of detection was made known to the municipal offices. It was asked, naturally, if the police should be notified.

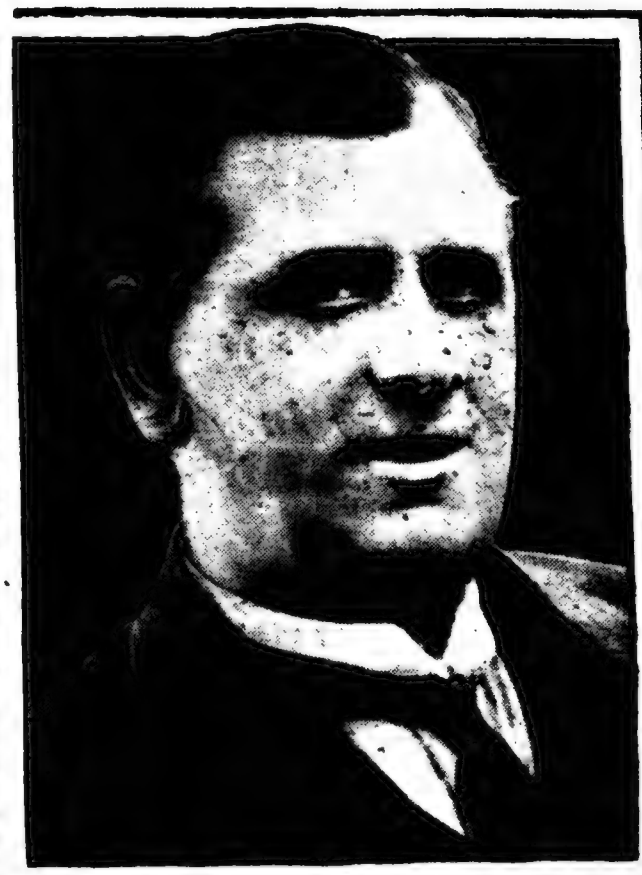
Telephones hummed. Department spoke to department, high official to high official, councillor to councillor, and councillor to official.

"No," was the ultimate order. On absolutely no account were the police to be brought in!

The disturbed state of mind of Sunderland Council caused by the affair and their frantic desire to preserve secrecy regarding it is, I believe, wholly due to the ridiculous assumption that publicity would bring further ignominy upon the town.

For the municipal rulers of Sunderland have not yet got over the shock of another great scandal only in the last few months, when astounding laxity was revealed in a lamentable case of dishonesty and corruption which has led to one Corporation official and three contractors serving sentences of imprisonment.

The gigantic frauds involved in that case were allowed to go unchecked for at least three years, and no one believes that the whole truth has yet been made known or that any real endeavour is being made to fix responsibility for the circumstances in which it was possible for the crimes to be so long and freely committed.



CAN HE HAVE JUSTICE DONE?

Alderman Ditchburn, Mayor of Sunderland, who will surely use his influence to end this hush-hush scandal?

Ugly rumours

But surely no desire to avoid another big public scandal should be allowed to influence the course of justice.

Here we have a case of a trusted official stooping to one of the most despicable forms of robbery imaginable, yet it is decided to take no official action!

It is true that the Health Committee met and decided among themselves to remove the offender from the service of the Corporation. They could not very well do otherwise.

But to stop short at that is to leave the whole scandal shrouded in an unpleasant air of mystery that can only breed a further crop of ugly rumours.

The public has been told nothing.

No details of the robberies of the dead, no attempt to trace the missing valuables, no enquiry, no names, no reasons—and a clear determination since that there should be no publicity whatsoever.

Could anything be more lamentable?

SLICK MR. STOKES

THERE are serious snags in the buying of businesses which, on paper at least, appear to show excellent profits.

People often invest their life savings in concerns which they are persuaded to believe will give them a comfortable income for life, only to find that the takings and the profits have been grossly over-estimated.

In Lincolnshire there lives a past-master in the art of selling businesses to those seeking an opportunity for the investment of their capital.

Mr. Harold C. Stokes, of Oswald Road, Scunthorpe, is the man to whom we refer.

Stokes was interested in owning and managing a refreshment establishment in Scunthorpe which he advertised for sale.

A man from Halifax, responding to the advertisement, was impressed with the glowing account given by Stokes of the trade supposedly done.

The prospective buyer was at first asked £500 for the business, but eventually he paid £360 and became the possessor of a concern which, according to accounts, was making a profit of £8 to £9 a week.

* * *

Within a few weeks of taking over the business, the Halifax man was disillusioned. Neither the takings nor the profits were as represented, and, convinced that he had not been given a square deal, he demanded the return of his money. But he obtained no satisfaction and there was a sequel in the Brigg County Court recently, when this man was awarded judgment for £360, plus £30 damages and costs against Harold C. Stokes.

Investigations show that for some years past Stokes has sold many businesses in Scunthorpe with considerable advantage to himself and several buyers have had unfortunate experiences in connection with their dealings with him.

A typical story of hardship and disappointment is that of two sisters of Whitby who came to Scunthorpe and bought a business from Stokes for £300, with property in addition, making a total of £980.

* * *

Again there was the usual rosy account of takings and profits. In fact, the profits in all businesses run by Stokes are, according to him, so good that it is rather surprising he should want to dispose of them!

The two sisters had just settled in Scunthorpe when they found to their astonishment that Stokes had another business which was only five minutes' walk away from their newly bought premises.

Had they known this, they would not have bought the business—which probably explains why Stokes omitted to mention the matter.

It is satisfactory to know that in one case, at least, this sharp man of business has been compelled to return the purchase money to a person who had bought a business from him.

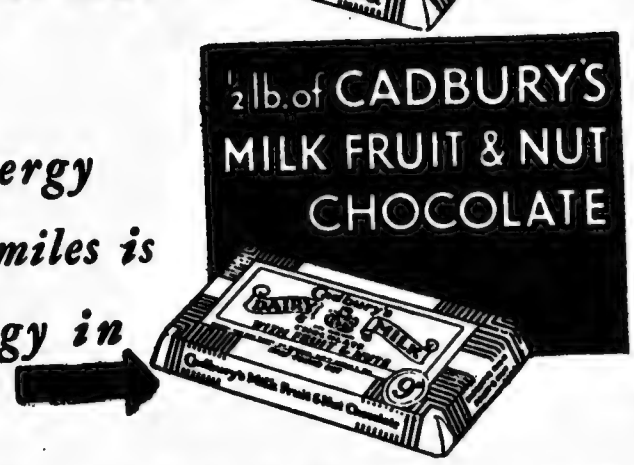
Stokes recently light-heartedly stated that "a mug is born every minute." We sincerely hope that he may now experience more difficulty in finding "mugs" for exploitation.

THE SUMMER CHOCOLATE

for energy!

The amount of energy spent in cycling 25 miles is equal to the energy in

The amount of energy spent in hiking 14 miles is equal to the energy in



Scientists measure energy in *calories*. They can tell us how many calories we use up in any given exercise, and how many calories there are in any given quantity of food. For example, a ½ lb. block of Bournville Plain Fruit and Nut Chocolate contains 1163 calories, which fully replaces the energy used up in cycling 25 miles.

FRUIT & NUT

CHOCOLATE BY Cadbury

BOURNVILLE PLAIN FRUIT & NUT
¼ lb. block 4½d. ½ lb. block 8½d.
CADBURYS MILK FRUIT & NUT, ¼ lb. block 4½d. ½ lb. block 9d.

IT'S FOOD AND ENERGY FOR YOU!

INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL
ABSCESSES!
STUBBORN CASE YIELDS TO VITADATIO

Mrs. PRICE, 42, Burton Road, Carlton, Notts., writes: "I was rushed to hospital, and an immediate operation decided on. After 12 weeks of torture a large Internal Abscess formed where I had my operation, and later a huge External Abscess formed on the Pelvis. After weeks in hospital I was sent out. I was then advised to try Vitadatio, and soon noticed the discharge getting thinner, and after persevering with it I am completely cured."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from
VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

£750 Won In Crossword Competition No. 269.

In the above Competition correct solutions were received from the following three competitors, who share the £800 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £200 will be sent:

Miss M. Clover, New Hall Lodge, Colchester Road, nr. Romford.
I. McGahan, 2, Earsdon Terrace, Allotment, Shiremoor, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
J. M. Ockelford, 5, Gorse Road, Grantham.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, August 28, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 80 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £1 17s. 6d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

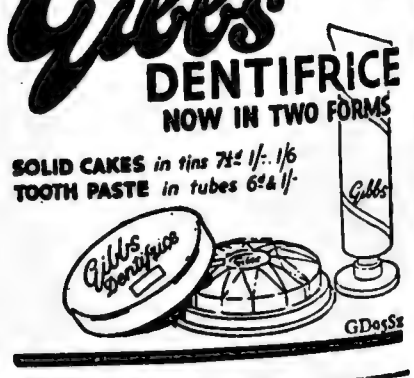
An Amazing Crossword Offer with a first prize of a Life Pension of £8 a month, £350 Cash and a £50 Holiday Cheque, or a lump sum of £850, and £150 to be divided between Runners-up, appears on page 32. Try your skill now!

Keep your Charm

Change to GIBBS

Your attractiveness depends so much upon your teeth. Use Gibbs Dentifrice twice a day. Leading Dentists say Gibbs is ideal—keeps teeth sound and white from childhood to age. Millions of private users have proved it. Free samples of Gibbs Dentifrice in both paste and block forms gladly sent. Write to D. & W. Gibbs Ltd. (Dept. 95V), London, E.1, enclosing 1½d stamp for postage.

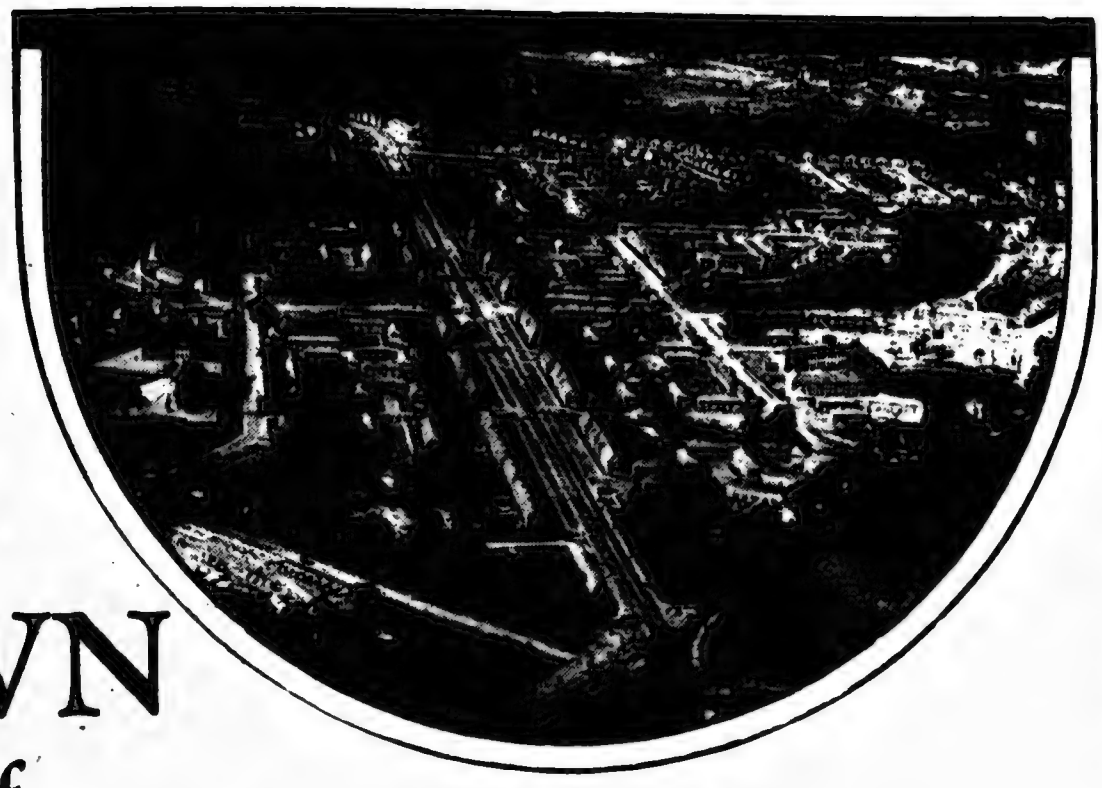
Gibbs DENTIFRICE
NOW IN TWO FORMS
SOLID CAKES *in tins 7½d 1/-. 1/6*
TOOTH PASTE *in tubes 6½d 1/-*



GD95Z

FREE!
★ **A FIRST AID BOOKLET**
which should be in Every home! Fill in the coupon in the BAND-AID advt. on p. 21, or write mentioning *John Bull* to Johnson and Johnson (Gt. Britain), Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

Here's your chance to try
POND'S NEW POWDER FREE!
Readers of "John Bull" are invited to accept samples of all four shades of Pond's new powder, Natural, Peach, Rachel 1 and Rachel 2. All that is necessary is to write to Dept. 589, Pond's Extract Co., Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex, attaching 1d. stamp and post in 1½d. sealed envelope. You can also fill in the coupon in the offer which appears on p. 25 and attach 1d. stamp to one corner and post in 1½d. sealed envelope. Be sure to address to Dept. 589, Pond's Extract Co., Ltd., Perivale, Middx.



STREETS where danger stalked—aerial view of a part of St. Helier, the mushroom town whose people are without essential public services of their own

A TOWN of Scared Mothers

Afraid to let Children play in the Street

"MOTHERS are afraid to let their children go to school or run out into the streets!"

Behind this alarming statement, made dispassionately at a meeting of the Merton and Morden District Council, lies a scandal of grave national consequence.

For it was made regarding a serious outbreak of diphtheria just before the end of the summer school term in the district of St. Helier—the mammoth re-housing estate of the London County Council, within the boundaries of Surrey.

Abnormal growth of any kind carries with it exceptional dangers of varying character, and the growth of St. Helier has been abnormal in many ways.

In the outer suburbs of Greater London there are many such settlements which have developed with a speed that is almost incredible, and they are suffering the pains and penalties of their own abnormality.

Four years ago, what is now St. Helier was country. In 1930 the period of intensive building began. To-day, in St. Helier, there are nearly 7,000 dwellings, while the population numbers no fewer than 30,000, and more than two-thirds of the inhabitants are young children.

A remarkable achievement that in house construction, and the transport of families from the inner ring of London to the outer. Four years and a town of 30,000 people born and bred—not to maturity—but to a stage of disturbed adolescence.

For while St. Helier has become a town, the essential services and amenities of a complete town have not developed at a corresponding pace.

So you have this community of thirty thousand souls in a rather chaotic state. Nothing in the way of services is complete or finished.

Terror of infection

St. Helier, for example, has no hospital of its own.

There are no public baths.

An ambulance in the case of street accidents must be summoned from miles away.

These deficiencies may well be criticised, but they are not surprising, because St. Helier is partitioned off between four different urban district authorities.

Altogether a hotch-potch of things.

One part of St. Helier belongs to Merton and Morden; another to Carshalton; a third to Mitcham, and the last to Sutton.

Quite naturally it is all a preposterous mix-up. A householder in St. Helier would need map and measuring compasses to decide which district council fire brigade he may summon—and then he might probably make a mistake!

Such, then, is the lamentable state of affairs in the growing district where a councillor has publicly stated mothers are afraid to send their children to school during a diphtheria epidemic.

He added that this terror of infection recalled a scare over smallpox only a year ago.

Nobody knew

What are the facts?

Overworked doctors could scarcely cope with cases of sickness during the diphtheria epidemic. They were driven near to distraction by innumerable summonses to private and panel patients' homes.

That was the general atmosphere of fear and unrest when diphtheria was claiming its victims in St. Helier, and then occurred a case which set the whole district aflame with indignation.

A little boy, aged six, son of an employee of the London Transport Board, became ill. He had been perfectly well in the morning and had attended school, but at the dinner hour he complained of a headache. So he was kept at home and sent to bed.

Next day—a Friday—he was running a temperature, and a doctor was called. After an examination the doctor, as a precautionary measure, took a swab of the child's throat, and that same evening the mother carried the swab for examination to the Nelson Hospital, which is a general hospital for Wimbledon and Merton.

It is important at this stage to fix times. The mother was back in her house attending to her child before nine o'clock that night, and therefore it is plain that the swab must have been delivered at the Nelson Hospital soon after eight o'clock.

What happened at the hospital then, nobody appears to know. It is an admitted fact, however, that there was a delay in the handling of the swab.

Actually the swab—according to a statement of the local Medical Officer for Merton and Morden—did not reach the bacteriologist of the hospital until Sunday morning, although it had been delivered on the Friday night.

The result of the examination of the swab was known by mid-day on the Sunday—diphtheria.

But by the morning of Sunday—even while the swab was being tested—the poor little patient was in an extremely grave condition.

Indeed, so bad was the child that the doctor would not wait any longer for news from the bacteriologist of the Nelson Hospital, but ordered the removal of the patient to the Wandle Valley Isolation Hospital.

"Too late" tragedy

There doctors and nurses fought for the life of the child.

Anti-toxin was administered and everything possible was done, but all in vain. The boy died that Sunday evening, a quarter of an hour before the parents, called by an urgent message, reached the hospital.

The remark of the house physician of the isolation hospital was significant:

"If only the child had been brought to us sooner. They never seem to send these diphtheria cases from St. Helier to us soon enough."

Again the tragedy of "Too late." There seems no reasonable doubt that if the swab from the patient had been examined at once, and the truth of his illness recognised earlier—the boy might be alive to-day.

Of that fact the distressed parents feel certain. They declare in their grief that the life of their son was sacrificed to delay.

We recount that pathetic story of the death of a child for a purpose.

It proves the dislocation of the essential health and general services in the quick growth colonies of outer London.

A district like St. Helier, with thirty thousand people, should be as well equipped in every essential as any complete and self-contained provincial town of the same size in Britain.

It should not be left as a kind of unwieldy adjunct to four separate local authorities.

Do it *now*!

People in St. Helier should not have to journey to one hospital outside their area for one purpose and to another hospital—miles away in a different direction—for another service.

We say bluntly that it is a grave scandal reflecting discredit on all the authorities concerned that the people in St. Helier should be neglected as they are

The Surrey County Council have a scheme to build a £50,000 hospital in St. Helier. The sooner abnormal pressure is brought to bear to complete that hospital to meet an abnormal need the better.

A CRAZY FLYING OFFER

INVENTORS are notoriously eccentric, though few of them combine their eccentricities with a sagacious regard for money to better advantage than James Westaway, whose latest address is 21, Colville Place, Charlotte Street, London, W.1.

He is the editor and proprietor of what is called the *Aeroway News*, a multi-typed leaflet published at one penny; and he is responsible for what he describes as Westaway New Aircraft inventions, which include a parachute airplane, whirlwind propellers, and helicopters.

According to himself, his friends and financial supporters are anxious to have his estimation of the speeds likely to be attained in a flight from Ireland to Australia, during next October.

He is responsible for the announcement that £50,000 in prize-money is available: although it is obvious the venture is quite apart from the race organised by the Royal Aero Club.

Westaway invites those interested to send him £1 on account, and the entrance fee of £25 within one month.

The offer he makes has been circularised among young men interested in flying, one of whom is a Shropshire reader who advertised for a job.

Westaway claims that one such young man is paying the fees necessary to secure patent rights for his inventions; and another has been invited to finance the flotation of a limited company.

Another invention for which he seeks to raise capital is a pedal-power aeroplane, which, he says, is capable of travelling by road, over the water, or in the air.

Not only is he a self-proclaimed expert in all manner of so-called flying devices, he is a dairy farmer, a mechanician, scientist, physicist and lecturer.

Among his many schemes is the introduction of a new method for the preservation of milk and cream on the farm where it is produced.

The literature he has distributed over a period of years to readers in Devonshire, Essex, in South Wales, and in various parts, is singularly convincing, and it is not astonishing to learn that several have parted with sums ranging from £10 upwards.

Operating from addresses widely afield in London, Folkestone, and in Southampton, he has boasted of financial support in America amounting to millions of dollars; and even now he is offering management posts in Belgium, Switzerland, Hungary, and in both Norway and Sweden.

* * *

He is old enough to know better.

His wild imaginings have already led to county court proceedings being taken against him on at least three occasions; and enquiry reveals that at 21, Colville Place, Charlotte Street, London, W.1, he is merely a lodger.

An address he uses in Rathbone Place, W.1, is that of a café proprietor.

His offers should be shunned.

YOUR SCIATIC NERVE

This is an anatomical diagram of your Sciatic Nerve, the most important nerve in the leg. It is a big, strong nerve which begins at the top of the thigh entering from the small of the back or the gluteal region.

the cause of that RACKING PAIN

★ Three months ago it was only a twinge. Now it's acute agony. Very soon it may cripple you, lay you up indefinitely—unless you realise what it means and take a course of treatment. That pain was your Sciatic Nerve letting you know that something is wrong, not only with your Sciatic Nerve but all your nerves. Nerve pains are warnings of nervous exhaustion. Complete breakdown is inevitable unless you take a complete course of treatment for your nerves.

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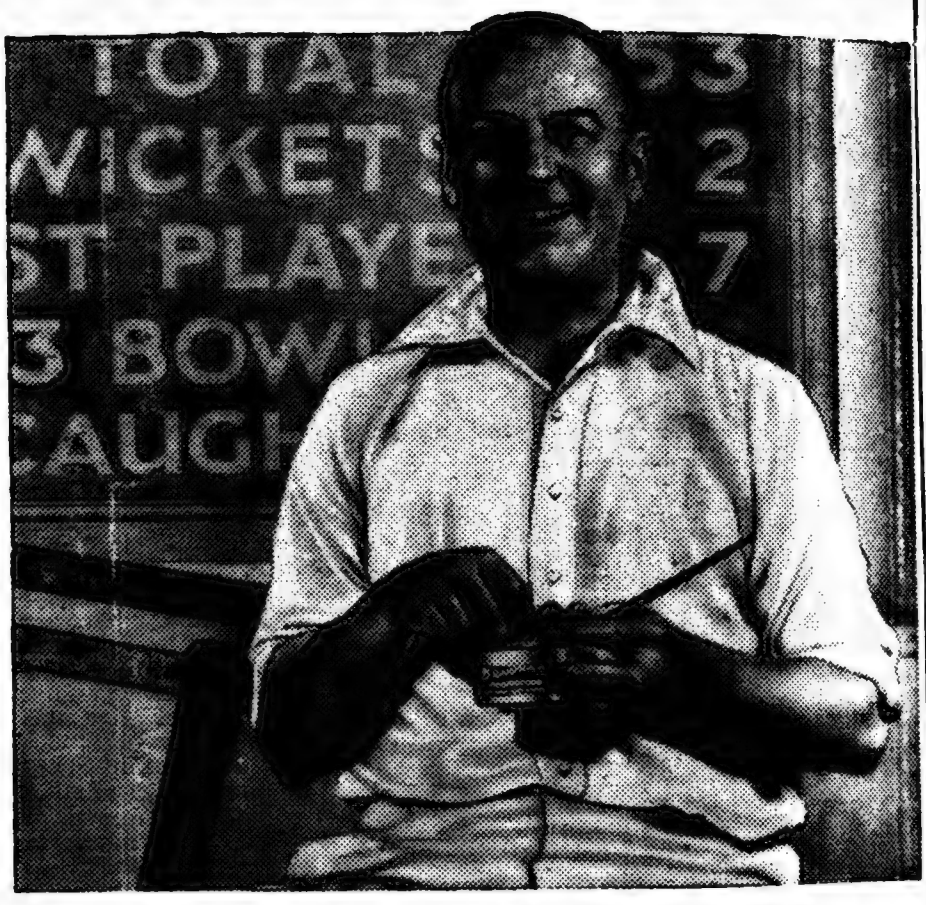

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WICKED Jail Outrage ON MOTORIST

NEARLY 15,000 people are being committed to prison in Great Britain every year simply because they cannot pay instantly modest fines imposed upon them for trivial offences.

They are not criminals or evil-doers, and the great majority of them would be spared the awful brand of imprisonment if they were given time in which to pay the fines, or if payment was accepted by instalments, or if security was accepted for payment.

This diabolical system of manufacturing jail-birds from honest and respectable citizens is being made still worse in its consequences by the forms of recent legislation which have created hundreds of new kinds of offences intended to be punishable solely by fine.

The monstrous manner in which people who are guilty of nothing more than trivial and technical breaches of the law are to-day being cast into prison like felons is vividly portrayed in the experiences of Mr. Edwin Maxfield, of 6, Collingwood Road, Earsdon, near Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Mr. Maxfield is married and has three children and an excellent home. For eight years he has been a Northern commercial representative of the H. E. Hall Manufacturing Company, of Kingswood, Bristol, a well-known firm of soap and cleanser makers.

Stopped

Some weeks ago Mr. Maxfield completed a Scottish business tour and left Inverness to return to his home in Northumberland, driving one of his firm's light delivery vans.

The van, it may be mentioned, is by far the smallest type of vehicle of the kind on the road. It has an engine of only eight horse-power, and is just about the size of an ordinary motor-car.

With the road completely clear and the "baby" van under perfect control, Mr. Maxfield bowled southwards, certainly exceeding the speed limit of thirty miles per hour recently fixed for commercial vehicles.

He should have known better. At this time of the year, with the Scottish season at its height, the police in the Inverness district find fantastic delight in pursuing and harassing tourists and business people travelling in the Highlands, in the hope of reaping from them a harvest of fines.

A few miles out of Inverness Mr. Maxfield was stopped by two policemen, who charged him with travelling at forty miles per hour.

He admitted the impeachment, but pointed out that there was no other traffic on the road, that he was driving very safely, and that the tiny van was only of motor-cycle power, and, therefore, for police purposes, scarcely to be regarded as a commercial vehicle. His private and business addresses were, however, asked for.

Courteous plea

Soon after returning home Mr. Maxfield was served with a summons to appear before the Sheriff at Inverness three weeks later.

He at once wrote courteously to the authorities tendering a plea of guilty to exceeding the speed limit and undertaking to remit immediately any fine which the court might impose upon him.

As reasons for his polite request to be excused personal attendance at the distant court he stated that, on the date fixed for the hearing of the case, he would be engaged on business for his firm in England, and that the total journey entailed to and from Inverness would be nearly 800 miles.

A more businesslike method of answering a small and technical charge by a citizen of good standing and repute could not, in the circumstances, be conceived.

Major Maclean, chief constable of Inverness-shire. Surely he does not approve of such petty tyranny as is here described

By the Inverness authorities, however, Mr. Maxfield's letter was regarded as an outrageous attempt to flout their importance and to contume their local court.

He was informed by return of post that if he did not deliver himself in person before the Sheriff on the date appointed or send a lawyer to represent him a warrant for his arrest would be issued forthwith!

Mr. Maxfield decided to make the long journey to the capital of the Highlands and to drive there in the midget van, so that it could be exhibited to the court and the hollowness of the charge revealed.

He tried in court to make clear to the Sheriff how fatuous it was to incur the cost and waste of time of a business man by causing him to travel 800 miles to face a charge so slight that it could have been treated in the first instance by the police with a mere caution or at least by accepting his offer to pay any penalty by post.

The sentence was a fine of £2, with the alternative of seven days' imprisonment.

Mr. Maxfield now found himself in a dilemma. He had taken with him what he believed to be sufficient money to pay the expenses of the journey and any fine inflicted.

Breakdown

A breakdown on the way and repair charges for his car had, however, left him so short of ready cash that he had not got the amount of the £2 fine in his pocket.

He mentioned this fact to the Sheriff, and asked for only three hours in which to be allowed to pay the fine. He did not wish, for the sake of his firm, to have to ask any business acquaintances in Inverness to advance the money, but he applied to be allowed to drive his car to the town of Elgin, thirty-seven miles away, where he had a personal friend.

He guaranteed that he would be back within three hours with the £2.

There was, of course, no question of his ultimate ability to pay the small fine. He is a householder with a home of his own in one of the best residential parts of the north-east coast, represents a first-class firm, and is well known in commercial circles all over Scotland and the North of England.

The Sheriff refused the simple request for a few hours to pay the fine. If, he said, Mr. Maxfield had a residence in Inverness, he would have considered the matter, but as he had not he would have to pay on the spot or go to prison.

And to prison Mr. Maxfield had to go.

Street ordeal

By telegraphing to his wife or employers the police would have been able to get the amount of the fine in two hours, but they did nothing of the kind.

Yet they knew well that he was a householder, had evidence of his means, and had ample security for the fine in the motor-van, of which they had seized possession the moment he was convicted.

Within one hour of his appearance before the Sheriff Mr. Maxfield was marched through the streets under an escort of policemen in uniform and deposited in prison.

There he was at once stripped naked, and, as if he were unclean, was put in a germicidal bath.

Then he was ordered to don a convict's uniform of heavy boots, red stockings, knee breeches fastened with leather straps, short tunic and a Glengarry bonnet—all the suit and headdress made of grey sail-cloth.

The outfit was completed with a big black and white badge bearing his number as a prisoner—A 16.

Mr. Maxfield expected that at least he would be taken before the prison governor and given a chance to explain the extraordinary position and to ask for something to be done on his behalf.

It was a false hope. He was not even given a telegraph form or writing materials so that he could communicate with his home or firm.

Prisoners, he was told, were only allowed to send messages to the outside world after a certain period of incarceration and good behaviour.

In vain he protested to the warders that he was a business man whose only crime was that he had exceeded the speed limit with a small motor-van, and that, with the slightest facilities, he could pay the fine in full in the shortest space of time.

Once in prison, he was informed, all criminals, whatever their offences, are equal, and he could have no greater privileges than the worst malefactor.

He was taken to a cell in the topmost part of the prison. Its only furniture was a three-foot wide board hinged to the wall, which would be his bed, a small stool, a shelf on which were two Bibles and a New Testament, and a mirror cemented into the wall, so that, it was explained, he could not break it and cut his throat or a jugular vein with one of the pieces.

From the cell he was quickly removed to the prison courtyard, and there made to walk for an hour in a circle with a company of housebreakers, thieves, rogues, crooks and the like.

Next he was put in a shed to tease fibre for the filling of Army mattresses, and, on being returned to his cell, was given a great ball of the same stuff to sort out before darkness fell.

At night he had to place his boots and uniform outside the cell door, lest, he learned, he might commit suicide by hanging himself with the garments or strangling himself with the boot-laces.

Thin porridge and a chunk of bread were served to him for breakfast next day, a bowl of soup and three potatoes for a midday meal, and a mug of tea and a slab of bread before being put into his cell for another night.

Irony

But before the end of the second day the authorities seemed to have become conscience-stricken, and he was informed that a message had just been despatched *by post* to his employers in Bristol.

A third day came with periods of confinement in the cell, picking fibre in the sheds, and marching in the ring with his fellow-prisoners.

Then he was summoned to the prison offices and told that the fine had been paid by his firm by telegraph money order.

But he was not released. He was locked in a cubicle until a warder went to the post-office and cashed the money order.

His clothing was then returned and the prison gates were opened, so that he could go out to freedom.

Apart from the utter cruelty and degradation of throwing good citizens into prison for no real reason, the absurdity of the barbarous process is heightened by the fact that Mr. Maxfield was not merely accommodated and maintained in jail at the taxpayers' expense.

On release he was actually paid 11s. 7d. for his work in prison, and he found that, while he had been a prisoner, the police had provided garage room for his firm's motor-van also at the public expense.

When Parliament reassembles it will be asked to pass legislation to end this ghastly system of imprisoning people who cannot immediately pay fines for minor and purely technical acts of lawbreaking.

We cannot better commend the need for urgent action than by presenting these facts of Mr. Maxfield's ordeal.

THE GREAT PANEL PATIENT SCANDAL—(*continued*)

THE more we examine the workings of the great National Insurance service of this country, with its 15,000,000 panel patients, the more amazing are our discoveries!

Only recently we stirred public opinion by printing a full and fearless exposure of the scandalous way in which patients, often at the expense of their lives, are the victims of callous and neglectful doctors—the Doctors who Don't Care.

To-day we can reveal another equally shocking abuse of the national health service—only this time the doctors are not the villains of the piece, but are themselves the victims.

They, or very many of them, are being shamefully exploited by moneylending sharks who have found loopholes in the National Health Insurance Act, through which they have gained a vice-like grip on medical men and their practices.

The dictator

That in itself is startling and scandalous enough. But, as we shall show, it does not end there. The patients of these victimised practitioners cannot themselves help suffering from this vicious state of affairs.

In recent years it has grown to such a pitch that hundreds of doctors have been driven into debt and ultimate bankruptcy. Many, faced with ruin and disgrace, have committed suicide.

Panel patients have, time after time, been left without the medical attention to which they are entitled, or else have been herded like cattle in procession from one struggling practitioner to another—at the dictates of moneylenders.

The plain facts are that large numbers of panel practices in this country are actually owned by moneylenders. Frequently they are sold, over and over again, to doctors of limited means at extortionate mortgage rates.

The fees payable out of the National Insurance Fund to doctors in respect of panel patients are often held by the moneylenders as security. In fact, the law allows the doctor to assign these fees in such a way that the cheques are sent direct to the moneylenders.

Vanished doctors

In addition, further payments from the "private" side of the practice are usually demanded by the moneylenders; the doctor, after a few months, gets heavily into debt to tradespeople, and although he may struggle on with his arduous duties burdened by the heavy weight of such liabilities, eventually he has to give in.

He goes bankrupt, or just vanishes; then the moneylender sells the practice again to some other impecunious doctor.

These are grave charges to make, but the evidence available substantiates them up to the hilt.

Some time ago Dr. H. N. Garrus, writing in the supplement to the *British Medical Journal*, stated: "It is no actuarial exaggeration to say that nine out of every ten medical practices in England are heavily mortgaged in one direction or another."

A great fall . .

It is clear that unless the British Medical Association and the Ministry of Health join forces without delay to put down this scandalous traffic in panel practices, the integrity of the medical profession will become open to suspicion, and the great State medical service fall into disrepute.

The introduction of the National Health Insurance Scheme placed a definite capital value on nearly every medical practice in this country.

A practitioner, under the scheme, is allowed 2,000 panel patients, for each of whom he receives an annual payment of nine shillings from the Insurance Fund.

A panel has become an economic necessity for all but the most "exclusive" practices, and the more panel patients there are, the more expensive the practice is to acquire.

The young doctor fresh from the medical school, from the hospital or "assistanceship" where he has been gaining experience, finds it impossible to build up a practice from nothing.

Stranglehold

He needs considerable capital—and there are scores of moneylenders trading under various high-sounding names who are prepared to help—on their own terms.

The doctor's demand for secrecy places him completely in the hands of the moneylender, whose offer of financial assistance is conditional on having placed in his care a signed, but undated, form of resignation from the panel list, the assignation of all panel fees direct to the moneylender, and a signed "recommendation" of a successor—the successor's name being left vacant.

Frequently, the doctor is required, by the moneylender, to take out insurance policies covering large sums of money in connection with death, accident, sickness and "guarantee."

Any other financial transactions he may wish to conduct have also to be done through the medium of the moneylender.

One wonders, after reading some of these documents, how any medical man working in such an atmosphere of dread and anxiety can be expected to give of his best for the benefit of his patients.

The "mortgage" repayments, often in excess of the panel fees, are exorbitant. Sometimes they are deliberately fixed too high so that after a few months of struggling to make ends meet, the doctor defaults, and the "resignation" is dated by the moneylenders and sent in on his behalf.

This leaves the practice completely in the hands of the moneylender once again. The signed but incomplete "recommendation" assumes a high cash value, and another impecunious but ambitious young doctor is persuaded to "buy" it on similar terms—and when he goes it is sold again.

In this way the moneylenders reap a rich harvest. Some now own as many as a dozen practices, which are constantly changing hands.

Investigations in one industrial area in the North of England have revealed that *in the majority* of cases where practices change hands, panel fees are assigned to moneylenders, or financiers of one sort or another.

The records show that it frequently happens that the same practice changes hands many times, the fees, in each instance, being assigned to the same moneylender.

Cases have been brought to light which reveal the amazing ramifications of this despicable "racket."

In one instance, typical of many, it

Forsworn, the doctor has no right in the surgery which bears his name. He is there on sufferance; his services the property of the man who "owns" the practice and who may at any time open that door and decide to dispense with those services . . .

Doctors' Practices OWNED by Moneylenders

was found that a doctor who had officially taken over a practice, and had assigned his fees to a third party, was in fact nothing more than a salaried servant—at £5 a week—carrying on the practice on behalf of a moneylender who could find no one to buy it!

How could the hundreds of panel and private patients of a doctor in this position hope to get the attention to which they were entitled?

His way out

But even worse, from the point of view of the patients, are the cases in which doctors are so harried by the moneylenders that they commit suicide rather than face the public disgrace of bankruptcy.

Dr. A. "bought" a practice in a town in the Midlands, assigning all fees to a moneylender. There were 2,000 panel patients.

A married man, Dr. A. found the moneylender's conditions intolerably harsh.

He got into debt with tradespeople and behind with his rent.

When, at last, his household furniture and his surgical instruments were seized and advertised for sale by the sheriff, Dr. A. borrowed enough to satisfy the sheriff.

Within a few weeks, however, the goods had been seized by the lender—and Dr. A. committed suicide.

Acting with great courage and perseverance, Dr. A.'s widow fought the moneylenders who had "sold" her husband the practice, and, as his executor, refused to obey the demand made upon her to nominate as successor a doctor whom they proposed to victimise in the same way as they had treated her husband.

She was bombarded with impudent letters from solicitors acting for the moneylenders, threatening legal action if she refused to carry out their wishes.

But she called their bluff successfully, and was able to reveal the whole unhappy business to the local Insurance Committee.

As a result, each panel patient was asked to choose another doctor, and the moneylenders were soon left with a non-existent practice on their hands.

There are cases on record where a practice has been "sold" four and five times within the space of three years—each victim forfeiting all he has paid, while the moneylender, having collected the cash, remained in possession of the practice.

For every doctor victimised by this infamous "racket," hundreds of patients are exploited.

Time after time, a doctor who has become hopelessly involved financially has had to leave the district suddenly.

His "resignation" from the panel list sent in by the moneylender should not take effect for three months, according to the regulations, so that the Insurance Committee assumes that until the expiration of this period the doctor is continuing in charge, or else has appointed a *locum*.

More often than not, however, the doctor's surgery is left empty. Sometimes a deputy is employed by the moneylender owning the practice—if one can be obtained cheaply enough—or else nothing is done until another doctor is ensnared into "purchasing."

Foredoomed

So the panel of, perhaps, a thousand patients is left without attention. Some may be dangerously ill, others in a critical stage of treatment, but unless a specific complaint is made to the Insurance Committee for the area, the authorities are often in ignorance of the true state of affairs.

It is apparent, from the harsh conditions imposed on doctors in many cases, that the moneylenders concerned have no intention of allowing the practitioner to succeed and complete the "deal."

All these sharks want is the initial deposit—frequently quite a substantial sum—and practically the total income from the practice so that the early default of the doctor is assured.

Then the moneylender is able, on reselling, to secure another substantial deposit, and so on.

But sometimes the moneylender goes too far and circumstances conspire to thwart his schemes.

In one particular instance investigated, Dr. X, a doctor with a very fine reputation, wished to retire, so he took into partnership a young practitioner, Dr. Y, who, it was arranged, should take it over.

Dr. Y was "assisted" in his plans by a moneylender; the purchase price was paid over and Dr. Y was left in sole control.

Three months later, he became so deeply involved financially that he filed his petition in bankruptcy—and the moneylender claimed the practice, sending in to the local Insurance Committee the "resignation" of Dr. Y from the panel list.

Patients "sold"

Fortunately, the Insurance Committee for this area were aware of the whole position, and refused to accept the *locum*, Dr. Z, "appointed" by the moneylender.

They pointed out that since Dr. Y's resignation could not take effect for three months, the responsibility for attending to the panel patients was Dr. Y's alone, and that only he could appoint a *locum*.

Then it was revealed that the moneylender had already sold the practice to Dr. Z!

Several months went by while this disgusting wrangle went on, and panel patients still applied to Dr. Y although they had been "sold" to Dr. Z.

Eventually, the moneylender offered Dr. Y some inducement to abandon the practice—and this he did. But he did not abandon the house!

He refused to attend the panel patients, who were left entirely without medical assistance for several weeks while the right of Dr. Z to take over the panel was being contested.

Then Dr. Z took the house next door, and proceeded to discharge his duties to the panel and private patients of Dr. Y.

This state of affairs lasted about six months. Dr. X, the original practitioner, had been watching the progress of affairs with horror, and when Dr. Z in turn defaulted and the practice was "sold" all over again to yet another doctor, he could no longer stand aside and watch his old practice being ruined.

So he took over his old house from Dr. Y—next door to the new man—and just put his plate up.

Within a few months nearly all his old patients had come back to him, and when the moneylender's third victim defaulted, the moneylender had very little left to "sell" again.

But within the two years that had elapsed since his retirement, the moneylender had gathered in several thousands of pounds and had done irreparable harm to the reputations of the three doctors who had been in his power.

In their dealings with the Ministry of Health and the Insurance Committees, these moneylenders sometimes adopt the most impudent attitude.

Before "selling" the practice to a doctor they demand from the authorities an undertaking that he will not be removed from the panel list without their consent.

Then they inform the local Insurance Committee that all panel fees must be sent to them direct, and that the doctor's resignation would only be valid if it comes direct from them on their own specially printed form!

Whitehall appears to support the moneylenders in their attitude.

Search for victims

In response to one complaint from an Insurance Committee that the moneylenders were trying to dictate terms, the Ministry replied that "the existence of the assignment of fees should be borne in mind, and that it might be desirable to invite and take into account any representations which the company (the X Loan and Discount Company) might make to them."

A solicitor acting for the moneylenders then wrote to the committee requesting that Dr. Y's resignation should be held up pending further instructions.

A month later came another letter. "The company now have no objection to Dr. Y's resignation from the panel list."

Sometimes these moneylenders even go to the length of touting among members of the staffs of insurance committees for the names of likely victims.

This truly scandalous state of affairs deserves a drastic remedy. The national health service, organised for the benefit of the working people of this country, should be kept by law out of the hands of money-sharks.

The National Health Insurance Act should be amended to make the assignment of fees to a third party illegal.

Use this warning!

The British Medical Association should conduct a searching investigation into the extent of the "racket," and should compile a list of practices owned or financed by undesirable persons or companies, so that practitioners can be warned that they may be struck off the list if they have dealings with them.

If doctors were forbidden by their own professional code from "buying" practices from moneylenders, and panel fees were payable only to the practitioner direct, the sharks would soon go out of business.

The British Medical Association should have ample facilities for arranging the finance of doctors wishing to acquire practices on mortgage

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Worth A Guinea A Box

"JOHN BULL" *Readers' Stories—91*

"We constructed a rough raft, and managed to get beyond the reef. . . ."

I WAS eight thousand miles from home, and badly in need of a berth, when at the Hanbury Institute in Shanghai, during the autumn of 1930, the skipper of a stout little three-masted schooner came and asked for me.

He had heard that I was an engineer, he explained, and he had a job to offer.

"We're off to Cocos Island," he said. "Not in search of treasure, but to mark out some pearling beds. We've got a Diesel auxiliary engine, built at Oakland, California, and we want a chief."

The skipper had his mate with him, and I noticed they were Dutch. But there was nothing about the manner of either to arouse my suspicions.

In any case, with a long spell of unemployment behind me, I was only too glad to report on board the following morning at sunrise.

I had reached the end of my resources, and since weeks might easily have passed without another opportunity coming my way, I took a good deal for granted.

The skipper was very affable, and I was introduced to the chief navigating officer straight away—he was another foreigner.

The second mate was an American, I found, and the two wireless operators were Chinese. There was a nondescript crew of seven, including an Oriental cook.

But the engines, the pumps and the donkeys were working quite satisfactorily, and the ship was well-found. My quarters were as good as could be expected in a vessel of her size.

"All right, I'll come along," I told the skipper, and was immediately signed on as a member of the crew. Soon after which we took oil and stores aboard, a consulate officer came and cleared the ship's papers, and a few hours later we sailed.

It was pretty good weather, and so beneath a fair head of canvas, with the engines ticking over, we made along the coast towards Woosung.

It was warm down below and I was glad to get out on deck now and then for a breath of fresh air. I was, in fact, taking such a "breather" when two big Chinese junks stood off our starboard bow.

I had heard many stories of present-day piracy, of course, and I was not surprised when the first of these signalled us to stop.

As fast as I could, I went down below. The engines, for which I was responsible, would have enabled us to leave both the junks behind.

But, to my complete astonishment, the skipper signalled down to me to "stop."

My curiosity was by now thoroughly aroused, and through the porthole I watched the junks come alongside. Then scores of Chinese came pouring over our sides.

"What's it all about?" I demanded of the second mate.

"It's all O.K.," he replied, with a nasal twang. "We're taking some passengers on board."

But that he was himself prepared for something was fairly obvious; for as he turned away I saw the butt of a heavy revolver sticking from his hip.

"Smuggling!" the thought crossed my mind: and, having regard for my clean record during twenty years at sea, I went straight to the skipper to demand an explanation.

It had been represented to me that we were on a pearling expedition, so I felt I was entitled to speak my mind. "I shall not be party to any shady business," I said frankly, when I reached the bridge.

"You'll obey orders," was the skipper's abrupt reply; and then I noticed that he, too, was armed.

Every officer in the vessel, except myself, carried a revolver apparently! The junks were standing away now, and the coastline was but a shade of yellow and green on the horizon.

The schooner was already under way, and with a brief, though menacing gesture the skipper ordered me back to the engine-room.

"Full speed ahead," he said, and within a minute sent the two Chinese wireless operators down to learn what they could of marine engineering.

There was nothing else for it but to make the best of it. I taught the Chinks to oil, stop, slow and start the Diesel, and they did watch, turn-and-turn about, with me.

"Never mind the wireless," the skipper scowled; and for the next ten days at sea I saw little of him.

The schooner rolled and pitched very heavily. The seas ran high by both day and night, without a break. The stench down in the hold, where the passengers were huddled, was shocking.

The majority of them hailed from Nangpo, I learned—except the cook, who came from Canton.

He was the only "friend" I had in the ship, and he carried a long knife handy in the event of trouble.

Trouble seemed likely at any moment; and the likelihood was increased when, after a day or two at sea, we ran short of fresh water. The meagre supply available was reduced to two quarts a day for all purposes.

Off the Japanese coast we sighted a Japanese cruiser, upon which the skipper at once ordered all his Chinese passengers below, where they were battened under the hatches.

The hold was an evil-smelling furnace, but the warship passed close alongside without pausing to enquire either as to our cargo or our destination.

Out on deck again, the Chinese pas-

The "Greatest of These—"

Cut Off the "Dole"

"I SERVED through the war, gaining the Military Medal, and now find it hard to get boots and clothes for my wife, five children and myself. I was cut off the 'dole' last week, having been unemployed for three years."

Behind this simple appeal from eleven-year-old Teddy's father lies a poignant tragedy.

Before the war he enjoyed splendid health. In the summer of 1917 he was sent home from France, having been gassed and suffering from trench fever. He recovered and went back to France.

Teddy

He was discharged from the Army in March, 1919. After a few months at home he re-enlisted in the Air Force, where he remained until he was invalided out four years later suffering from sciatica.

He was then employed on the borough council for about five years, with a break in 1927, when he was in hospital for ten months with double pneumonia and pleurisy, and he was not passed for the council's permanent staff on account of his health. He has now been disallowed the unemployment pay and thrown on relief. He gets no pension.

Teddy is the only boy and the delicate one of the family. "He is the thinnest of the bunch and suffers from his nerves," explained his father.

"Me and the missis," said their dad, "see that the children have food, but there are mornings when there is no milk, and butter is an unknown luxury. It is always 'marg.' At times I would sooner be in the Army, because then you have your allowance and you know your wife and children are looked after."

Our readers can help us to look after this ex-Service man and his family if they will send donations earmarked "Teddy," which, as well as subscriptions intended for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

"The motor-boat from the cruiser was waiting to pick us up"

SEVENTY-TWO Hours on the ROCKS

sengers tried with little success to catch fish for food. For three weeks we encountered head winds and heavy seas on our beam, but without sighting another vessel.

Thirty days out from Shanghai, we sighted the Pacific coast of North America. I have never greeted land with such enthusiasm.

But I did not express my feelings. I had an idea that, my period of usefulness being at an end, the skipper might make an effort to dispose of me.

Towards evening, with the engines running dead slow, we steamed into a secluded spot, and the motor boat was lowered for the first and second mates to go ashore.

Their mission was not revealed to me. I could only guess that they were making arrangements to land the Chinese passengers

But I was no wiser when the motor-boat returned to the schooner and the mates came aboard.

After a consultation upon the bridge, an order was sent down to the Chinks to pack their gear and be ready to go ashore the following day; and my relief can be imagined when this was accomplished.

Some notion of the number of smuggled passengers landed will be gained when I add that the motor-boat made eight trips from the schooner to the water's edge.

That evening I tried to get a letter away to my relatives in England, but my friend the Chinese cook returned to say it could not be done. The smugglers were now fearful lest they should be captured by the United States officials.

And now real this danger was I realised when we were at sea, a few hours later, and a gunboat hove to a mere ship's length away.

For an hour or two, whilst this warship kept us under observation, I had visions of languishing for months in an American jail.

It would be of little use telling an American court of justice that I was an *unwilling* party to the offence of breaking the Immigration Laws; and when that gunboat sailed I was heartily relieved.

The motor-boat came out to the schooner that evening, and shortly afterwards the skipper ordered "slow ahead," and the schooner sailed towards an anchorage. We were now ready to take solid cargo on board.

With this cargo another engineer joined our crew, and came to help me in the engine-room, although I soon found that he was a member of the gang. It was made obvious to me that, since I was indispensable, I should be well treated as long as I carried out all orders.

I had no alternative, of course. I had got mixed up with a desperate, unscrupulous gang, who, running daily risk of long terms of imprisonment, or of being sunk by naval ships at sea, would not stop at dropping me over the side.

It was with this knowledge that I repaired some minor defects, and sailed in the schooner from the Pacific coast for China.

I had never placed much faith in the ability of either the skipper or his mates as navigating officers, so I was not at all surprised when, some 150 miles from Hong Kong, while I was busy in the engine-room, a thud and a jerk, succeeded by the grating of steel plates against rock, indicated a collision.

"Come on," my second yelled, and, close behind him, I raced up to the deck, only to find that we had gone ashore

The schooner was pounding on to the rocks. With every swell of the tide she was suffering more serious damage to her bows. And to make matters worse, it was pitch dark. The skipper and his crew of smugglers were in a state of consternation.

Nobody knew the position of our little vessel. A strong gale was blowing, and there were only four lifebelts aboard. The only boat we had now was a small fisherman's phram, sufficient only to carry four persons.

"We lost the motor-boat before we sailed from the Pacific coast," the first mate mourned.

At any second the ship was liable to go down; and our only hope was to keep the engines running, thus ensuring a supply of electric light; and, should the ship lift from the rocks, the power to make steerage way into deep water.

And even then it was impossible to foretell whether or not she would keep afloat. We could only hope for the best.

Knowing the desperate and callous character of the men huddled together on the bridge, I was not a trifle anxious, down in the engine-room, watching over the Diesel. The night that passed was dreadful, and with little hope.

When morning came, it was learned that we were ashore on the Phratas, where many good ships have been lost. And then I induced one of the Chinese wireless operators to send out the SOS.

But we received no reply. All through that day, and on through the night that followed, the Chinese "Sparks" sent out the appeal for help. Meanwhile water was steadily rising in the engine-room, but I kept the Diesel running.

The wireless was dependent upon the electricity supply, of course. Yet, even when the American warship *Pittsburgh*, lying off Manila, responded to our call for assistance, the skipper and his mates refused it.

I think their refusal is the best illustration of the extent to which they were involved in double-dealing and in a terrible traffic.

We were compelled to stand by through another night, whilst big seas pounded us farther and farther upon the rocks, until, at about ten in the morning, the British war vessel, H.M.S. *Suffolk*, answered our repeated wireless calls, saying she was coming to our assistance.

But she could not hope to reach us for another twenty-four hours; and, in the meantime, we were shipping a lot of water.

The waves rolled over us, and pounded on the schooner's sides, and it was only by dint of constant pumping that we were able to keep the inrush of water below the main platform in the engine-room.

I shall never in my life forget the joy with which I hailed the British cruiser when she came in view. Although, even then, our difficulties were not at an end. It was impossible for our rescuers to reach us in an ordinary boat; so we had to construct a rough raft of empty barrels and planks.

In this way we managed to get beyond the reef, to where the motor-boat from the cruiser was waiting to pick us up.

I need hardly say that we were wonderfully treated on board the British warship. The doctor attended to some slight injuries to my ribs, and to the mate's hand, which he had burned sending up rockets.

What eventually happened to the smugglers I have never learned. An effort was made to frighten me into silence I was threatened that if I dared to open my mouth I should endanger both my life and my liberty.

But, of course, I made a full statement to the authorities at Shanghai, and in due course, with feelings of unspeakable relief, sailed for Vancouver in a British liner. And soon I was "Home Again."

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS *probed by* PHILIP INMAN

NOT a FRIEND *in the* WORLD—

"A stranger in a strange land—alone in London"

I WAS talking to one of the women patients in the hospital the other day. She had just recovered from a serious illness and in a day or two was to be discharged as completely cured.

"You'll be glad to get home again?" I ventured. To my surprise she shook her head. "Not altogether," she answered. Then she told me the reason.

That woman lived all by herself in a little one-roomed flat, and there had been weeks at a time when she had scarcely spoken to a single soul.

"It's been nice to have someone to talk to," she said; "it's a lonely life to be all on your own." Alas! there are thousands of people in the same position, and in their loneliness a good many of them write to ask for my advice. Here is a typical letter. It comes from a man who says:—

"Three years ago my wife and I came to London, where I had obtained work. Until last November everything went well with us. Then came a crushing blow—my wife died after only a week's illness. Since then I have suffered from a terrible loneliness which is fast becoming unbearable. All my relations and friends live in the North, and I have found, to my regret, that one might as well be 'a stranger in a strange land' as to be alone in London.

"I am employed during the week until eight o'clock, so that the evenings are not too bad, but from mid-day Saturday until Monday morning is the time I really dread, for then I am entirely alone.

"I am forty years old and have always led a reserved life—by that I mean I have never made friends easily as some people seem to do. Can you please recommend any way out—if so, I shall be everlastingly grateful?"

I CAN understand this man's feelings. When I came to London after the war I knew neither a street nor a soul. And there are few experiences more painful than to be alone in a crowd. Even the sight of other people enjoying themselves adds to the stab.

But I soon discovered that there is no need to dwell in loneliness for long. My correspondent can learn that, too. He does not tell me whether he has kept his home going. If so, he might advertise for a lodger to share it with him, and then they might obtain a housekeeper to look after them. Or he might go into lodgings himself where he can be treated as one of the family.

He tells me that he has worked for a firm for three years. Is it not possible for him to "chum up" with one of his fellow-employees? Even though he is of a somewhat reserved nature, he will find there are folk ready to hold out a friendly hand. Just as it takes two to make a quarrel, so friendship can never be one-sided. He must at least go part of the way along the road.

Then there are various clubs which he could join—cycling, rambling, tennis and the like. He might also consider associating himself with a political party, or if that does not appeal to him, practically every church to-day has its social side where it is possible to get to know people.

He will probably discover, as many others have done, that the finest way of forgetting one's own troubles is to help other people in theirs.

My correspondent might do far worse than offer his services to an organisation like the Hospital Sunday Fund or the Hospital Saturday Fund. That would not only give him some interest to occupy his mind and his time, but in it he would lose all his loneliness and his longing. Many a man has forgotten his own heart-ache in ministering to other folk.

AMONGST others who write to tell me of their lonely existence are those who are afflicted with deafness. Their infirmity makes it necessary for them to live in a world of their own. Dr. Helen Keller, who is herself blind, deaf and dumb, ranks deafness as the worst misfortune of all. And one of my readers writes to me in this way:—

"Perhaps you can help me to get myself out of the rut of depression into which I have fallen. I had regular work until seven years ago, when I had a serious operation for double mastoid and meningitis, which left me stone deaf. Ever since it has been a hopeless struggle as no one seems now to want me.

"God knows how hard I have tried to get work, and I have just suffered one of the bitterest disappointments of all. After waiting two years for a position in the Corporation, I am now told that my deafness stands in my way.

"Can you wonder that sometimes I give way to despair? I am only thirty-seven and it seems terrible to have to confess defeat at so young an age. I have tried to keep up for the sake of my mother, who is one of the best, and I only want a chance to repay her for all she has done for me."

This letter awakened a sympathetic response within me, and I know it will touch the hearts of all my readers. As my correspondent says, it is hard to acknowledge defeat at the age of thirty-seven. But there is no need for him to do that. My enquiries prove that there are many agencies existing to help such cases as his.

One of them is the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf at 413, Oxford Street, London, W.1. The services rendered by this society are indeed valuable and many-sided. It organises clubs, has its summer camps, and holiday homes, and has an enquiry bureau which renders assistance in cases of unemployment.

I cannot do better than quote from its annual report. "This Association, by its specially trained staff, is a bridge leading from loneliness and isolation to social intercourse and friendliness, from depression to hope and from poverty and unemployment to self-support and self-respect."

There are also other organisations like the well-known National Institute for the Deaf, the address of which is 2, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. Amongst the manifold activities of this institute is the running of homes, hostels and instructional centres for those who have lost their hearing. I advise my correspondent to communicate with either of these organisations and I hope that as a result his infirmity will lose most of its sting.

In the two cases I have quoted the curse of loneliness has descended upon my readers through no fault of their own. In the third case it is due to the act of another. The letter comes from one who describes herself "a lonely widow."

"I have only one friend," she tells me, "and I love her just like a sister. I prize her friendship more than anything else in the world, but I seem to be in danger of losing it. And that because of her husband. Every time he finds me alone he tells me that he loves me.

"I have told him how dishonourably he is acting, and he promises he will not speak about it again. He keeps his word for a few weeks, and then breaks out afresh. I have felt it so much that I have refused my friend's repeated invitations to go and see her, and she must, of course, wonder what is the reason of it all.

"I do not feel that I can tell her the true reason of my staying away, but I should like to know if you think I am doing the right thing?"

THERE are men in the world who are in love with every woman except their own wives, and loyalty to such men counts for nothing. I certainly feel that my correspondent should not deprive herself of a friendship that obviously means much to her. She has already spoken to this man about his conduct. The next time he protests his affection for her, she must adopt a very definite attitude. "Look here," she can say, "neither now nor in the future will I have anything whatever to do with you. What is more, if you persist in annoying me I shall at once inform your wife."

When he sees that she is determined he will probably leave her alone. But if he does not, then she must carry out her threat.

That may mean that my correspondent would lose this highly-prized friendship. It seems to me that she will do so in any case. And it always pays to be perfectly straight in affairs of this kind.

I hope that this drastic course will not be necessary. A hint of such disclosure should be sufficient to keep the man in his place.

PHILIP INMAN *will help to guide you out of your perplexity. Write to him, "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted on this page*

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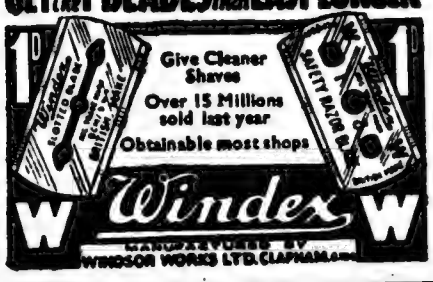

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'LAST DESPERATE TRIAL' ENDS YEARS OF STOMACH PAINS

Everyone, particularly all sufferers from stomach troubles, should read this sincere letter from a man who suffered years of agony from indigestion. It is just as he wrote it in his own words.

"Having fully recovered from severe stomach pains, I could not sit down and enjoy my meals again without thanking you sincerely for your wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Being a sheet metal roller I do a great deal of heavy lifting and bending, making my stomach pains worse. I started all sorts of remedies, but the pains came back as bad as ever. One night I came home doubled up. My sister recommended Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, so as a last desperate trial to ease the pain I sent for a bottle. I can honestly say it has made a new man of me, so I thank you once again for that wonderful powder, the best of all remedies for stomach sufferers." —G. S. W——.

If you, too, suffer stomach pains or discomfort, why not give a trial to-day to the powder which cured this writer? But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

That's *a* FORTUNE *—that Was!*

THERE was a day, not very long ago, when a man who had accumulated a gigantic fortune passed to his long rest with the comfortable feeling that his sons and daughters, the grand-children who had played at his knee, and their descendants, too, would never know want.

The last reward of his labours—or luck—was the knowledge that he had bestowed on his line riches that unless wilfully squandered not even the centuries could destroy.

That day has passed, as the publication recently of the will of the second Viscount Cowdray has shown us.

In that testament we have proof that the biggest fortune in the realm might easily almost entirely vanish in the normal span of a single generation, through no fault whatsoever of anyone handling the money.

As recently as seven years ago the first Lord Cowdray left £4,000,000.

It would be safe to assume that although the founder of the title was perfectly well aware of what a heavy toll death duties would take of his estate, he would at least expect that the balance would provide a fund for his family which—if there were no wild and wanton spending on the part of his successors—would be well-nigh inexhaustible.

Such shrinkage!

But what has happened? Duties at once took £1,600,000 of his money, leaving little more than half of it to go to his widow and the son who was to succeed him as second Viscount. Then five years later, his widow died and the State, stepping in to receive its 42 per cent. of the £1,407,000 she had left, reduced her share to little over £800,000. And now the second Viscount has died, and the scale on which death duties are being demanded from the estate makes it certain that of the original £4,000,000 the State will have taken more than £3,000,000 within seven years.

This is not the only recent instance of the way in which huge fortunes are dwindling under the touch of death duties. In fact, there are other instances even more surprising, among them the case of the Baron millions.

There are few people of adult age who do not remember the romantic rise to millionairdom of the once-poor emigrant boy, Bernhard Baron, who built up the fortunes of one of the biggest cigarette businesses in the world. When, five years ago, he died leaving a sum only fifty thousand pounds under the £5,000,000 mark, it seemed impossible that such a colossal fortune should be dissipated by anything but wild speculation or extravagance.

Toll of the tax

Yet see what happened. Death duties at once ate up £2,269,937 of it—a sum that had to be obtained by the sale of securities in a falling market. The result was that the heir, Sir Louis Baron, probably had materially less than £1,000,000 when the day of settlement came.

In any case Sir Louis, who never indulged in a single excess of expenditure unless the considerable help he gave to charities comes under that category, and who certainly never lost a penny by unwise speculation, only left a mere £652,101 when he died last May, and the death duties payable on this at once reduced the figure to £476,167, an amazingly small sum compared with the amount which the original founder of the business had hoped would be left for his successors.

Owing to another such shrinkage the Earl of Durham has had to order a sale of his furniture and effects, and may have to part with the famous "Red Boy" painting, which, being Lawrence's portrayal of the first Earl as a boy, he will not be able to sell without a wrench.

When the third Earl died in 1928, he left an estate worth very nearly £2,000,000. Of that, however, little more than a million reached the fourth Earl.

But he died, too, within five months, and the State came along again—this time to collect another half-million. And so, in less than half a year, a fortune of little less than £2,000,000 had shrunk to little more than a quarter its size.

Another such case is that of the Mills family, the squires of Langton, in Leicestershire.

He introduced death duties—and his family was the first to suffer: Sir William Harcourt

In 1924 one squire died leaving £4,250,000, of which £1,640,000 went in death duties. Not long after the son who succeeded him died, and the State stepped in for yet another £1,400,000.

And so £1,440,890 was all that was left of an estate originally worth well over four and a quarter million pounds.

Families so hard hit by these death duties may get a mournful satisfaction out of the fact that the first family to suffer from them was that of the man who introduced them.

Sir William Harcourt it was who introduced this "greatest financial revolution since Walpole," as it was called when it became law just forty years ago. Imposing a tax on the full capitalised value of property, as well as whatever money was left, it replaced an old succession duty that took little more than the cream off one's private possessions.

Poorer than before

What irony there was in the events that followed!

Nine years after it became law Sir William himself succeeded to a mansion called Nuneham Park. Death duties not only swallowed up all his liquid resources, but left him poorer than before this unwanted inheritance came his way, and on top of that, as he bitterly observed, there wasn't even a proper roof on the building then!

But worse was to come. A few months after this inheritance robbed him of all his spare cash he himself died, and the death duties had to be paid all over again. Not many years later yet another successor died, and the duties had to be paid for a third time in a period far less than the normal span of a generation.

Biggest irony of all was the fact that an amendment would have been introduced to the Act reducing the amount payable if two heirs should die within four years, and it was the bitter opposition of Sir William that killed it.

But it is not only by the frequent hammer blows of death that death duties can reduce a large fortune to a shadow of its former self. It can happen when an individual dies, if his securities have to be sold on a falling market.

In the case of Lord Inchcape there was a huge shrinkage of his assets following his death, yet duty had to be paid on the value of his possessions at the moment he died. And so the sum left available for his successors was very small compared with the amount he left.

Baronial Halls, Ltd.

In the case of Lord Dewar this dissipation of a fortune was even more surprising. It is said that the two million odd pounds death duties paid, plus the shrinkage of values due to the sale of securities, reduced a £5,000,000 estate to the neighbourhood of a million pounds in less than twelve months.

In the eyes of people who have had to work hard for their weekly wage, these beneficiaries have nothing to complain about.

Certain it is, however, that this form of taxation is eating up big estates at such a rate that many big landowners are turning their property into limited companies to protect their baronial halls and widespread lands. There are no fewer than 300 such companies, and thirteen of our twenty-six dukes have sought ease from the burden of taxation and death duties in this way.

It may well prove that within a few years there will be the brass plate of a limited liability company outside every stately home of England.

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THE STAR:—"For over an hour he SUNG precariously to such support as he could find."

MARLBOROUGH TIMES:—"It was a little after seven o'clock when the Mayor (wearing his CHAIR of office) . . ."

DERBY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"The right-hand side of the driver's cabin in the omnibus was smashed, and GAS flew in all directions."

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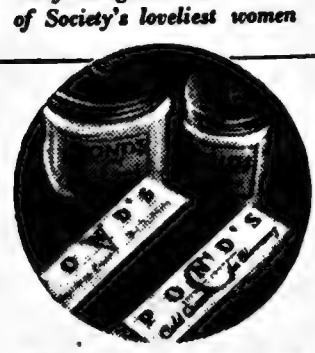
Georgiana Curzon.



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HANGING GARDENS OF ENGLAND

WHEN one of the most important flower shows was in progress at the Horticultural Hall, London, a working-man gardener produced to the assembled experts, with an air of mystery, a large inflated paper bag.

They knew there was a flower in that bag—or why should he bring it to them? A geranium, perhaps, or maybe even a carnation. Anyway, they waited patiently while he tore away the paper.

To say that they were surprised at what they then saw is to put it mildly. It was a water-lily—and no ordinary water-lily, either. Its parchment-cream sheen was flecked with variegated colour in a style no human designer could emulate.

The proud owner asked them where they thought it was grown, and one of them volunteered the news at once that he knew a Thames-side estate near sleepy Wraysbury where it might have been raised. Another said St. James's Park—with luck. A third suggested Kew.

And then he told them. In a zinc-lined window-box in Southwark. Four storeys from the traffic-jammed, fume-ridden street at that. Actually near the huge roof of Waterloo Station, where the smoke of London was thickest and garden-space was measured not by the acre but by the potful, this delicate creation came into being.

☆ ☆ ☆

Lest this seems too lyrical a reference to what was only a single flower, after all, the significance of this incident should be shown in its true proportion. The loving-kindness that had brought that one flower to maturity typifies the care and devotion of hundreds of thousands of gardeners throughout the kingdom to whom a window-box must be their entire estate.

That one choice flower exemplifies the millions of window-box blooms which, every summer without fail, turn otherwise drab corners of dreary cities into cases of colour, and blot out chimney-pot vistas from the eyes of invalids, the aged, and others who might otherwise never see Nature at her bravest and best.

Behind that flower are blooms from tiny window-sills that have found their way into the bouquets of Queen Mary and the button-hole of the King, that have almost submerged the Prince of Wales when he has made his incursions into the Depressed Areas where unemployment is rife, that have more than once decorated the tables for the Lord Mayor of London's banquets and have appeared in Mayoral receptions in fifty of the biggest towns and cities in the kingdom.

Window-box gardening is booming. You may not have noticed it if your way does not lie in the dark places of life, where bigger gardens are an impossibility, and where a flower looks ten times more beautiful than at any other place by very contrast with its surroundings.

☆ ☆ ☆

The London Garden Guild, started forty years ago by Mr. Noel-Buxton, now Baron Noel-Buxton, for people who could never have gardens big enough to enable them to turn them with a spade, shows that with its progress.

To-day it is only one of scores of such societies throughout the kingdom, yet already it has more than eighty societies affiliated to it, many of them with more than a thousand members. At its last annual competition more than three hundred window-boxes were displayed, every one of them such a paradise in miniature that nobody but a true gardener at heart, and with years of experience behind him at that, could have wrought such a wonder.

Think of what miracles some of its members have performed.

One man, high up in the most crowded part of the City of London, blots out the dreary skyline for eight months in every year. Purple clematis, zinnias, climbing rose, pink and purple

"Where a flower looks ten times more beautiful by very contrast with its surroundings"

stocks and the reddest of red zonal geraniums take their turn in the boxes according to season.

Another member, with only one window-sill, and that a small one, grew a rock garden in an old boot. Out of holes in the leather peeped fresh and lovely little plants never too small to be unnoticed and never too big to dwarf their fellows. Enough soil was packed inside to keep the garden healthy and enough water added lovingly to maintain its wonderful freshness.

☆ ☆ ☆

Bermondsey, Hoxton and Stepney stand out bravely among the London districts that compete for annual prizes.

And as for Southwark—from whence came that wonder lily already referred to—madonna lilies, white hayweed and annual phlox are among the treasures entered by members of that branch.

One enthusiast has made a miniature fence and miniature farm gate the background to his garden. And so, looking from his parlour, he might not be glancing out upon the London chimneys at all but upon some old English garden with a background of farmland.

In one such garden there is a sundial, a home-made one at that, so tiny as to suggest that it is far away down some winding garden path. Others have tiny models of garden lounges, Alpine huts, and other things to give a suggestion of distance in a garden only ten inches wide

One man can actually see the dome of St. Paul's looming over his garden. And, sitting in his own parlour to see it rising over his own flowers, he can hear the time from Bow Church which, so complete is the illusion, might not be in the heart of London at all, but somewhere far away over the gardens and meadows.

What is true of London is true also of every big city where garden space is scarce. In fact, some provincial cities are even more keen on window-box gardening.

Halifax is probably the keenest. It is said that there are more people tending gardens roughly three feet by one there than in any other city, allowing for population. The spectacle of a man carefully wheeling his garden away on a wheelbarrow to take a prize at the flower show—and quite content if somebody with a better garden beats him—is no rare one there.

Sheffield, too, is enthusiastic. In many of its slum areas there are no back or front gardens, and window-boxes provide the only opportunity for flower-growing. Hundreds of the unemployed spend their scarce pennies in beautifying their homes in this way, so permitting the hand of Nature with its lavish strokes of colour to obliterate dreariness and drabness.

It was essentially a movement for poor districts when it began, but it is spreading. Here and there window-boxes are being built into houses as part of the home. In other words, new houses and blocks of flats are having hollow window-sills made in which flowers can be grown without any unsightliness resulting from the drip of water from the soil.

☆ ☆ ☆

Even in Holloway Prison—the women's jail—these little gardens can be found, grown by the prisoners from their own seed.

The road patrols of the Automobile Association, too, have joined the movement. Sometimes they have a spare yard or so of ground round their roadside boxes. If not, they can always find room for one or two flower-boxes.

And so they are dotting brilliant gardens in cameo along highways that are more and more lacking in colour, reminders of peace, quiet and tranquillity in a world of petrol and speed. Often they spend an hour on their little plots before the day's work begins—but the results make it worth it.

One day, perhaps, every man and woman will have enough ground to indulge the passion for creating something of beauty that is in almost every one of us.

Until that day we owe a special debt of gratitude to the window-box gardener.

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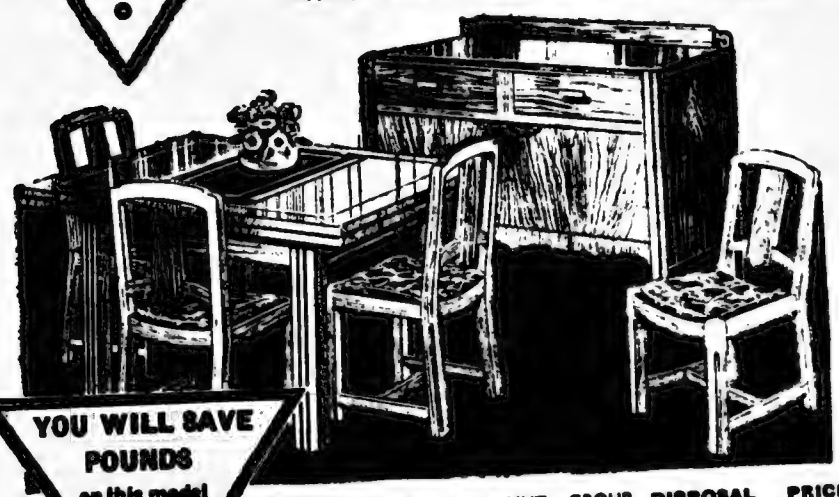

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The PRIVATE LIFE of GEORGE LANSBURY: 9—*by his Son* EDGAR

Little George's Boat

—A Domestic Tragedy

Each year they drain the lake at Victoria Park. But little George's boat is still missing . . .

THE first great blow that came to mother was the death at the age of five of her first-born, "little George." She could never put him out of her mind for long. His toys were kept about the house long after his death—a witch-ball hanging from the ceiling, a model sailing ship preserved in a glass case.

No doubt her mind dwelt on the loss of "little George" as she sang the most melancholy of her songs; and if this brought ease to her heart, who will blame her?

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

The loss of "little George's" boat was a minor tragedy of later years. At the age of twelve we made bold to ask whether we might take this vessel from under its glass case and sail it on the lake in Victoria Park.

We had seen model yachts of every rig on the lake, some racers and some the merest tramps; none of them looked like real sea-going vessels, however, and we nursed the illusion that if only we could persuade father and mother to agree we might take our model three-masted cargo-boat out and put everyone else to shame. It was impossible that any other boat could look so trim or sail so fast.

To our surprise, consent was given, not without a long lecture from father on the need for caution with so precious a thing, reinforced by some words, and many a tear, from mother.

Off we went then, hearts beating painfully, accompanied by half a dozen little ragamuffins who, I fancy, were more sceptical than we realised and they would own Unlike us, they had not lived, as it were, under the shadow of "little George's" boat in its little glass case.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

Premonitions of disaster sent cold shivers through our bodies as we made our way to the lake.

At length alternately aided and harassed by much friendly and some sarcastic advice, but decidedly unnerved by the casual demeanour of rival mariners, we placed our boat on the waters. At first nothing would make it head for the other side of the lake.

Evidently, we thought, it was like a puppy and had to get accustomed to the water. But we were worried, and our followers began to talk mutinously.

Flinging discretion to the winds we gave the boat a great shove, and the voyage was begun. Alas! had we but heeded mother's pleading that we should sail it at the end of a string! It made its way to the middle of the lake without the aid of wind or sail, for the latter remained crinkled and creased to the end, with none of the bold "bellying to the wind" that we had promised ourselves.

Once in the middle of the lake the momentum of our great push gave out and the vessel remained motionless while meaner craft passed swiftly on their way.

Our hearts went down to our boots. We waited patiently. Older people, seeing our distress and its reason, commiserated and advised. Some suggested throwing stones to agitate the water and thus bring the boat to realise that it was no longer under a glass case, but in its native element. We rejected this plan as being too dangerous for the boat

At the last the cynosure of model yachtsmen, an old sea captain, came to us with advice. Sucking at his pipe meditatively, he gave it as his opinion that we had sprung a leak and were shipping water. Ghastly thought!

It was but too true. She was down at the bows and had an obvious list to port. What waves, wind and water could never have accomplished had been brought about by years of idleness under the glass case. The timbers were dried up and cracks and leaks had developed unnoticed below the water line. So she sank, not grandly, but gradually, hull, gunwale, poop, masts and flag.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

For that day we kept our loss a secret from mother. We had a plan. It was winter, but next morning saw three eager forms making for the lake during the early hours given over to swimming. Three times we dived into those icy waters, and combed the muddy bottom with freezing fingers. All in vain. We decided that the boat was still sinking and might reach the bottom by the next morning.

We did not try again, however, but a year later the lake was drained and the bottom cleaned. We turned up in full strength to claim possession of the wreck. There was abundance of roach, dace, perch, gudgeon, and even one or two enormous conger eels, but not a sign of "little George's" boat.

So we abandoned all hope.

Our genuine and obvious sorrow at losing it and the valiant efforts made to get it back must have touched mother's heart, for there were no scoldings—only an extra special softness in her reassuring voice.

The Human Machine

Just a BOGEY!

ONE of the fallacies with which inefficient people console themselves from time to time is the theory that they are "overworked."

They moan about the difficulties of their jobs. They complain about the way their employers pile more and more work on to them. They have doctors to see them. They rush about applying any and every remedy except the right one. For "overwork" in most cases is just a bogey. It isn't overwork at all. It's under-organisation.

Most people who complain that they are overworked are tiring themselves out. They are tiring themselves out because they make no attempt to systematise their tasks.

The result is they suffer all the time from a sense of frustrated effort, and there is nothing more wearing than that.

Anxiety, indecision, hesitancy, worry—these are all prime causes of what is erroneously called "overwork." It isn't the work itself that tires us. It's the way we do it—or try to do it.

If you approach each day calmly and work through it calmly, if you refuse to be rattled, if you work systematically and methodically, it's astonishing what an amount you can accomplish.

And one of the essential things to do is to do a job and forget it as soon as you've finished it. If you allow the worry of one task to carry over into the performance of the next you're just asking for trouble.

People who are suffering from "overwork" are not suffering from too much work. They're suffering from too much strain; and the chief cause of strain is wrong methods of doing the job.

Systematise your days and cut out the worry and you won't easily be overworked!

A Father's word—

"When our baby son was just under three weeks he was sent to G——(a famous children's Hospital), where he was X-rayed and it was discovered that he had been born with a tumour between the stomach and the bowel which meant an operation at once. His weight when he entered the hospital was 5½-lbs. and after his operation they started building him up with just a few drops of Nestlé's. When he left there at the end of ten days he was taking 3 ozs. every four hours.

He was on your milk for six months and he gained steadily half a pound a week. He will be a year old on the 26th of this month and it is agreed that he is one of the finest and fittest babies one could wish to see. We feel we owe a great deal to your wonderful milk."

MR. E.E.S.O., THORNTON HEATH.

The original of this and hundreds of other grateful letters can be seen at Nestlé's London Office. All were sent without inducement, none was sought in any way.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

PRICES

LARGE SIZE **7½D** ★ **4D** SMALL SIZE

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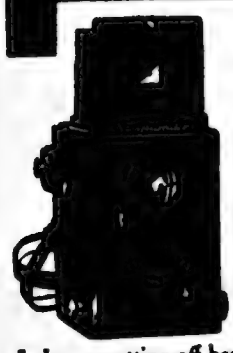
You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on p. 31.

FREE! A TRIAL TUBE OF EUTHYMOL TOOTH PASTE!

Unsound teeth are often the cause of ill-health. Brush them regularly with "EUTHYMOL" DENTAL CREAM, which kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds. A free 7-day trial tube will be sent to every reader who writes to Euthymol (Dept. 67/68), 50, Beak St., London, W.1. Send this to-day—now, while you think of it! The offer appears on p. 27.

12 photographs for the price of 8



and you see them FULL SIZE as you take them.

This marvellous Brilliant camera takes 12 pictures 2¼ in. square on an 8 ex. 2¼ x 3¼ film—and it shows you your picture almost FULL SIZE. No more fussing with tiny finders or cutting-off heads! Fitted with F/7.7 Anastigmat lens (4 times as fast as an ordinary box camera's) it costs only 45/-. Amazing value! See the Brilliant at your dealers or write for leaflet.

45/-

THE VOIGTLANDER **Brilliant**

SCHERING LTD. (VOIGTLANDER DEPT. J.B.)
188/192, High Holborn, W.C.1

A FREE Furnishing Catalogue that You ought to possess.

JAY'S Furnishing Stores offer readers of *John Bull* a wonderful Catalogue, *The Happy Outlook*, crammed full of bargains of their Special furnishings, together with full details of their special easy payment terms.

A free copy of this excellent and informative Catalogue, which will solve all furnishing problems, can be obtained by writing to the Head Office, Address: Jay's Furnishing Stores, Ltd., Dept. *John Bull*, 248, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1, or by filling in the Coupon in the advt. on p. 27.

Has New Hair

Kotalko Did It!

"I was almost bald," writes Mrs Annie Thompson.

"I tried all kinds of treatments, but the falling of my hair continued.

"At last I was advised to try Kotalko, and to my great joy discovered that I had finally found the right thing. The new hair growth developed and strengthened.

"It has been maintained in length and quantity, as you will see by my photograph. My hair is all that can be desired."

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growth through KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women.

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
9, Percy Street, 53. AL, London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

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GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

52/- NOW

RHEUMATISM

Relief or

WE BEAR COST OF TREATMENT

This famous 88 years old remedy gives such wonderful relief from pain that the proprietors of Eade's Pills rely entirely on SUCCESS for their profits. They actually offer to refund your money in full, after you have taken three-quarters of your first bottle of Eade's Pills, unless you are satisfied that they are relieving you, no matter how badly you have been suffering from rheumatism, rheumatic gout, gout, sciatica or lumbago!

EADE'S PILLS FOR SUMMER ILLS

An Eade's Pill every week-end will keep you well during the hottest weather and enable you to enjoy your holiday to the full.

FREE!

Unless you are delighted with the result, return the remaining contents of the bottle and its original wrapper to George Eade Ltd. (Dept. K.7), 232, Goswell Road, London, E.C.1, and YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED IN FULL.

WRITE FOR Free Booklet on the treatment and diet for rheumatism, also free sample of Eade's Anodyne, which is marvellously effective for use in conjunction with Eade's Pills. All post free on application to above address.

EADE'S PILLS

1/3 and 3/- a bottle from all Chemists. Refuse all Substitutes.

PILES RELIEVED INSTANTLY

". . . . *"I was advised to try 'Nemolin' and I can truthfully say that I got instant relief and have never again had the least bit of the awful irritation I suffered before."* *J.O., Burley in Wharfedale.*

Packed in handy and hygienic tube, 'Nemolin' Pile Ointment is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all chemsts.

"THE BIG TWO are safe as the Bank." —John Bull

THE BIG TWO

WE PAY ALL POSTAGE

ONE SHILLING UP TO ANY AMOUNT MAY BE INVESTED BY LETTER

In accordance with rules.

ST. LEGER

SEND FOR LONG ODDS PRICE LIST

Daily Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race WILL BE ON at FULL STARTING PRICE (or Totalisator Odds if desired).

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FIXED PRICE FOOTBALL LISTS

The Famous 'CHALLENGER' LISTS are devoted entirely to Fixed Prices—the best possible consistent with our guarantee of payment in full.

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Please send Fixed Price Football Lists and Greyhound Racing Rules. I am over 21 years.

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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

MY Happiest BIRTHDAY Surprise

WHEN I was a girl my mother and father mutually agreed to lead separate lives. There had been no quarrel, but their interests were poles apart. Mother was a schoolmistress, scholarly and religious, and father was a sea captain, rough in speech and manners.

For years he stayed away from mother; but he wrote letters from all parts of the world telling her that he would return to her if she would climb down from her lofty pedestal and tolerate him.

On my twenty-first birthday my father returned to mother at her invitation. All the rest of their lives they lived happily together.—*"Septuagenarian," Plumstead.*

Long Sight

Joining madly with the home supporters in hoarsely cheering a brilliant performance of the local football team, I suddenly collapsed, and had to be taken from the ground.

I suffered from weak heart, and the doctor sternly warned me to avoid the contagious excitement of football matches.

Living in an attic of a house on top of a hill that overlooked the ground half a mile distant, it was the happiest birthday of my life when my daughter presented me with a pair of field-glasses.

Now, in the silence of my room, I can follow serenely my one passion.—*W. M. S., Plymouth.*

Saved!

After years of saving, my wife and I had finally secured sufficient capital to open a small grocery store.

I spent the morning of my birthday in a state of utter dejection—waiting for my first customer. When I had thoroughly resigned myself to the fact that we had made a very bad investment, the children were suddenly released from a near-by school for lunch.

They crowded into the shop, and descended upon my cakes like a swarm of locusts. The happy surprise those youngsters gave me seemed to break the spell, for from that moment we prospered.—*L. M., Perry Bar.*

Twelve Tokens

A parson put me in touch with a slum couple. The husband was consumptive, and the wife was eking out a bare existence for both by chopping and selling firewood.

I got the man work on a friend's estate, where pure air, good food and the interest of a few fowls worked wonders with his health—and hers.

Then on my sixtieth birthday a little box came. It contained a dozen eggs, together with a greeting card.

Though on that birthday I'd heaps of presents, none gave such happiness as those twelve tokens of a lowly couple's gratitude.—*M. A. R., Roker.*

Returned Kindness

Our lodger had paid regularly for two years and when he fell out of work I let him have his bedroom free. Then my husband lost his job, and one at a time I pawned all my trinkets to keep things going.

After a few weeks the lodger left us, and when I found he had taken all my pawn tickets, I felt very bitter at his ingratitude.

On my next birthday, however, I received a box by registered post, containing all my trinkets, and just a note, "Many happy returns."—*Mrs. B., Canterbury.*

Looking Up

My work-mates often wondered why I, seeing my father owned the works, should have to stand at a bench for the same wage as they.

Efficient, certificated, I wondered, too—until my twenty-fifth birthday, when dad said, "From to-morrow I'm taking you into partnership; don't think it's going to be easy going; times aren't rosy, competitors are cute, we'll all have to work like blazes to make the place pay!"

To-day, things are looking up, and I've not let the "old man" down.—*"Engineer," Midlands.*

Reconciled

"Beast!" I muttered when, among my presents I saw one with his writing. A fortnight earlier I'd given him back the ring; demanded he returned whatever I'd given him, but never thinking he'd be so cruel as to time the parcel for my birthday.

Opening it, I saw—not the books and wallet I'd expected—but a dinky handbag, with a note saying "Couldn't we talk things over this evening?"

I slipped the party: reconciliation under the stars gave vastly more happiness to me than even birthday candles.—*Miss A., Daybrook.*

Glorious Rain

I had done my best, but I had failed. Sitting outside my cabin on my Canadian smallholding I stared grimly at the acres of crops that were withering away for want of rain.

For the past three months I had hoped and prayed for rain to save me from disaster, and now, on my birthday, I was faced with ruin. As I sat thus in gloomy meditation, I felt a spot of moisture on my hand.

I glanced upwards. The sky was overcast, and my heart leapt. Ten minutes later came the downpour that saved me.—*G. C., East Grinstead.*

Success Assured

Having launched experimentally a children's feature in a provincial newspaper, I set out to win the confidence of juvenile readers. At the end of the first year I announced my "birthday" and offered special prizes to celebrate the anniversary.

I was happily surprised when I received hundreds of cards, birthday greetings and little presents from children far and near. For then I was certain that I had won the affection and interest of a wide circle of readers and the success and establishment of my column were assured.—*"Uncle," Liverpool.*

Arm Better

Just a few lines on a sheet of notepaper, but only heaven knows what unexpected joy and heartfelt relief they held for me as I read them through tear-dimmed eyes, on my birthday.

What the note said did not matter. It was enough that it was written clearly and firmly, denoting that my daughter, in hospital as a result of a cycling accident, had recovered the use of her right arm.

We had feared that it had been permanently paralysed.—*"Mother," Sussex.*

Reunion

One summer day, years ago, I ambled along country lanes until, finding a suitable nook by a field gate, I sat down to enjoy my "snack."

Watching some birds as I enjoyed my meal I thought what a pleasant memory that day, my birthday, would leave, for I was at home in the countryside.

Suddenly there was deep breathing behind me. I got to my feet and it was my happiest birthday surprise when I found myself looking at my old war-horse pal, Tommy. And, until darkness came, didn't we go over old times in Flanders again!—*"Tommy's Pal," Staffs.*

* * *

My happiest birthday surprise was when I was twenty-one. I came into a legacy of £300 from an uncle in India whom I had never seen.—*Miss F., Southall.*

Never will I forget the joy which I experienced when my boy slipped an engagement-ring over my finger on my twenty-first birthday.—*Mrs. C., Glasgow.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published 2s 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, August 21.

The Hour I Fear Most.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Cesarewitch Propositions

ONE of my correspondents has asked me what I think of Duplicate as a Cesarewitch proposition. As a matter of fact, I earmarked this colt for the Newmarket Handicap when I saw him spreadeagle a fair-class field for the Gold Vase at Ascot.

His stamina is undoubted, and none can teach his clever trainer, Norman Scobie, any of the arts of his profession, especially where long-distance performances are concerned.

Other nominations I have noted from time to time for this ever-popular handicap are Blue Vision (winner of the Chester Cup), Hands Off (winner of the Ascot Stakes), Loosestrife (winner of the Goodwood Cup), Whiteplains (winner of the Northumberland Plate) and Silver Jubilee.

Providing they impress me as being favourably treated when the weights appear on September 6, and all keep well in the interim, I shall no doubt make my final choice from the six I have mentioned.

For the benefit of those readers who like to indulge in a few playful doubles on the Autumn handicaps, my half-dozen for the Cambridgeshire are the "Frenchman," Rentenmark, Berestoi, Alcazar, Flamenco, Foxcroft, and Wychwood Abbot. At this stage, however, I should not consider any wager of less than 1,000 to 1 to be a good bet.

The acceptance for the Queen's Handicap at Windsor this week-end was most disappointing, and no doubt Mrs. Glorney's Effaceable was the "blot." The four-year-old has now been left to carry top-weight, and, being a good winner over the course, I confidently expect to see her again successful. At Redcar I like the look of Fugit for the Coatham Handicap.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 16, to Wednesday, August 22.

A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F O K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 93 G S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

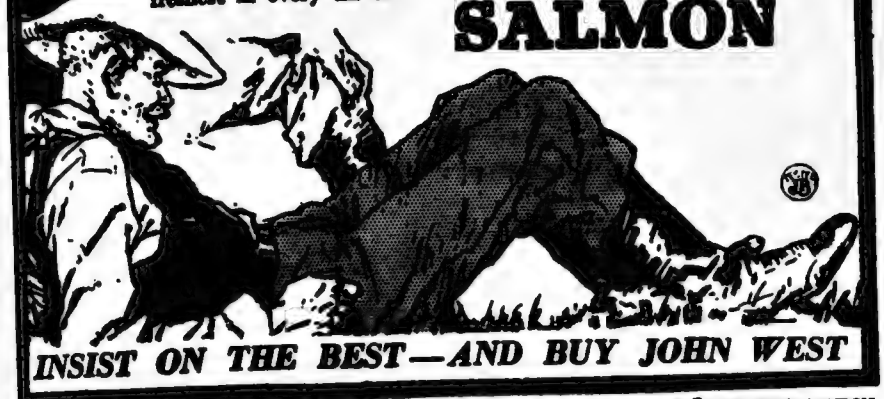
GZKD9498JS would read FLAMENCO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96S98 would read WELLINGTON.

"I see the Cap'n's signed the pledge . . ."
"What!"
". . . that he catches the finest salmon on this coast!"

You can take Cap'n West's word—his are the finest red salmon that ever came out of the sea. Plump, prime and perfect, their glorious flavour and unequalled nutritive value are found at their best and freshest in every tin of

JOHN WEST'S MIDDLE CUT SALMON



INSIST ON THE BEST—AND BUY JOHN WEST

JW 832-440 FELLDING, STANLEY & CO. LTD., LIVERPOOL AND 8 EASTCHEAP, LONDON

BULMER'S COMPETITION RESULT

No competitor was successful in sending in a correct solution of the 5th Bulmer Contest. The 50 Solid Silver Cider Tankards are therefore awarded to the following 50 competitors, whose entries most nearly coincided with Mr. Bulmer's selection :

M. Atha, 3, Daresbury Road, Charlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.
Mrs. M. Bailey, "Hill View," The Mount, Guildford, Surrey.
D. Barty, Lambourn House, Oundle, Northants.
Mr. F. Bennett, 30, St. Albans Avenue, Bedford Park, London, W.4.
Mr. C. Bird, 2, Sand Manor Cottage, Nr. Ripley, Surrey.
Mr. C. L. Bishop, 99, Queensmill Road, Knowle, Bristol, 4.
Mrs. Blagg, 23, Devonshire Place, Birkenhead.
Mrs. Boughton, "Ennis," Little Coates Road, Grimsby.
O. Bradbury, 113, Carlland Road, Stirchley, Birmingham.
Aneurin Brown, 62, Jones St., Blaenclydach, Tonypandy, Rhondda, Glam.
John Brown, 18, Dunstone Park Road, Paignton, Devon.
A. E. Burton, Edmund's Farm, Poslingford, Clare, Suffolk.
Mrs. J. Chapman, Moulton, Northampton.
Mrs. F. A. Cundy, 2, Pumphreys Road, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, Glos.
R. M. Dobson, 43, Avon Dale, Bury, Lancs.
Mrs. Earl, 46, St. John's Avenue, Brentwood, Essex.
Mrs. M. K. Ellis, 19, Esplanade Gardens, Scarborough.
Stanley Evans, 1a, St. Andrews Place, Park Lane, Cardiff.
Mr. C. Fisher, 14, Victoria Road, Brentwood, Essex.
J. W. Flett, 129, Copland Road, Ibrox, Glasgow, S.W.
Arthur Garbutt, 14, Percy Avenue, Callercoats, Northumberland.
R. Garnett, 90, Middlemore Road, Birmingham.
Mrs. E. Gregory, 31, Elizabeth Street, Leicester.
Mr. G. Hamel, 7, St. Leonards Road, Hove.
Mrs. Hanks, 16, Turn Hill, Market Drayton, Salop.
Mr. H. E. Hicks, Easton Hill, Thornbury, Nr. Bristol.
V. Hopeshaw, 7, Winifred Terrace, Fulwell, Sunderland.
Mrs. Nellie Jackson, 82, Harris Street, St. Helens, Lancashire.
Mrs. K. Lane, 15, Brentry Road, Fishponds, Bristol.
R. E. A. Land, 7, Murray Road, S. Ealing, Middlesex.
Mrs. T. McKinney, 76, Parkhill Road, Prenton, Birkenhead.
Miss N. Mann, 72, Salisbury Road, Gravesend, Kent.
John Maslin, Amberrow Farm, Sandhurst, Berks.
O. F. Matthews, c/o 154, Owen Road, Wolverhampton.
Mr. H. O. Milner, Barton Mills, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.
M. Nicholas, Caer Delyn, Trawsfynydd, Merionethshire.
Mrs. Nicholson, Leafield Lodge, Moortown, Leeds.
B. Pavely, 6, Sherborne Road, Milborne Port, Sherborne, Dorset.
W. Price, 19, Cadman St., Walk-en-Deanne, Nr. Rotherham.
Mrs. K. Puckett, 124, Harford St., Fulham Palace Rd., London, S.W.6.
W. Rawlins, 7, Storrs Hall Road, Sheffield, 6.
Mr. G. Rees, 3, Prospect Place, Treorky, Glam.
George Rigby, 24, Boyd Street, Laurieston, Falkirk.
H. F. Shipsey, 26, Westwood Street, Sunderland, Co. Durham.
J. R. Smith, 37a, Cedar Grove, South Ealing, W.5.
J. H. Stirling, 13, Charlton Place, Islington, London, N.1.
Mr. R. Terry, 35, White Road, Birmingham 17, W.O.O.
J. W. Trundle, 9, Wingfield Road, Stratford, E.15.
W. Vickers, 96, Portway, West Ham, E.15.
T. Ward, Townsend, Reardean, Glos.

Have a Capstan!

10 FOR 6D.
20 FOR 11½D.

Plain or Cork Tipped

—you'll like it better

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd CC442.

Just a minute, please!

You're bound to find something of interest or value in the "John Bull Shop Window" and "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on pp. 2 and 3. Turn to them now!

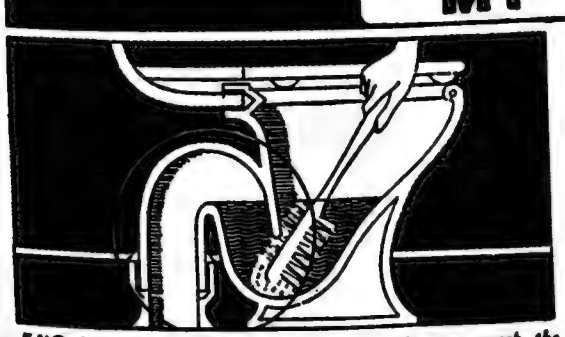
"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

"NO ONE CAN CRITICISE THE WAY MY LAVATORY IS KEPT NOW"



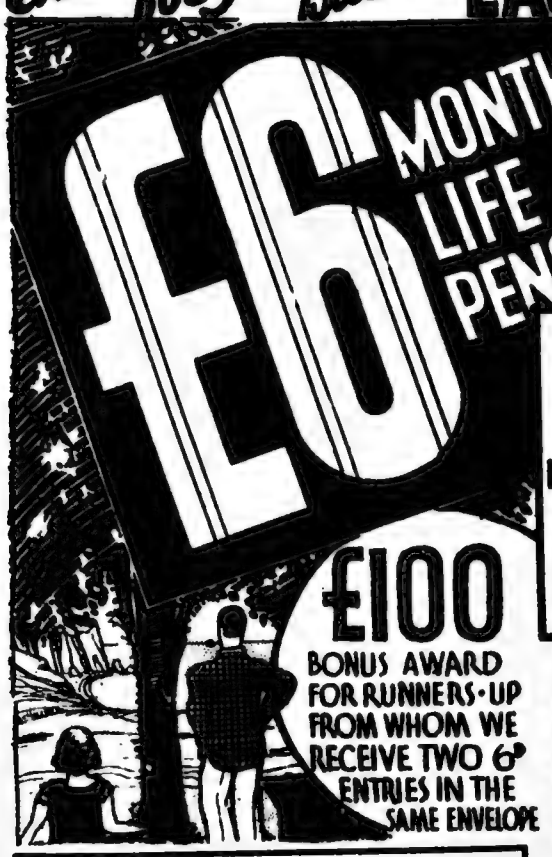
"NO MORE OF THIS!—the brush *can't even reach the bend in the pipe*—can't possibly clean it—but Harpic does. Harpic cleans the lavatory-pan *thoroughly* for me without any of the old disagreeable and unhealthy scrubbing."

"NOW JUST THIS REGULAR SPRINKLE of Harpic does all that is necessary for the care of the lavatory-pan, by itself in a single operation—easily, safely and without dangerous acids or unpleasant, ineffective drudgery."

"IT FREES THE PAN FROM GERMS by its strong disinfectant action, *removes the cause* of odours and leaves the lavatory-pan spotlessly clean. There's no unpleasant work with Harpic—and it does its task better."

HARPIC—CLEANS and DISINFECTS LAVATORY-PANS. 6d. 1/- & 1/9 HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD. HULL AND LONDON — HARPIC

Enter for "John Bull's" LAST FINE OFFER of X-WORD HOLIDAY PRIZES



£6 MONTHLY LIFE PENSION and £350 and £50 HOLIDAY CHEQUE

OR INCREASED LUMP SUM OF £650

£150 FINAL BIG HOLIDAY PRIZE..

FOR RUNNERS-UP

£100

BONUS AWARD FOR RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVE TWO 6d ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

GREAT NEW RADIO OFFER FOR NEXT WEEK'S X-WORD

HERE is your one last big opportunity to win a Crossword Holiday this season. Get busy at once on our final holiday puzzle and a wonderful 3-in-1 First Prize may be your reward.

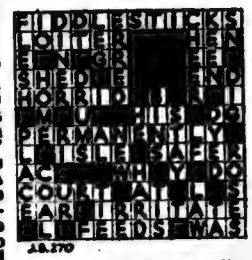
Within your reach to-day stands a £6 Monthly Pension for life, a fine lump sum of £350 and an extra £50 cash to pay for your holiday. There are, too, increased Holiday Prizes for Runners-up, who will divide no less than £250 as indicated above.

Once you begin on this week's puzzle, the Clues will grip your interest. Square after square will yield to your attack and in the end you may have produced a Solution which will bring you a First Prize telegram on Thursday, August 30.

But remember—your entry must be in by noon, Thursday, August 23, if your name is to be in the last list of Crossword Holiday winners of 1934.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 270.

Winners in 269 on page 14. Result of 270 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 270 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-Word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-Word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.



JB 270

"JOHN BULL" will pay a Life Pension of £6 a month, £350 Cash and a Holiday Cheque of £50 (or a lump sum of £650) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle on this page. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution.

An increased Holiday Prize of £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution.

An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope.

Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 30, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 6.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Road-hogs are their enemies
7. Put air into
8. Where sergeant wears stripes
10. Grey stone used for roofing
11. Go wrong
13. Smallest
17. Female of buck
18. They knock down 1 across
19. One surrounds steamer's deck
21. Pigs make it dirty
23. Artist engages for posing
27. Rubbish
28. They stop away from school
32. Passing years make us this
34. Poet's form of "It is"
36. May cause stowaways discomfort
37. This rubs out
38. Racing produces a good one
39. A hollow is prepared for this

DOWN

1. Going through this is often thrilling
2. It's long and slippery
3. Where she goes for her clothes
4. To do so appeases hunger
5. Housewife takes pride in hers
6. Without clothes on
9. Lie may lead you into this
12. Young baby's are lovely to see
13. Police enforce it
14. Donkey
15. Endeavour
16. Beautifies a garden
18. Strong one should carry weight
20. Lumber space beneath the roof
22. We get it from the air
24. Rooms are, by servant
25. Often invaluable to Press photographer
26. May be a sign of storm coming
29. Conveys nourishment to branches of trees
30. Opposite of "subtracts"
31. Gives shade in garden
33. Describes lot of dope takers
35. Anger

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

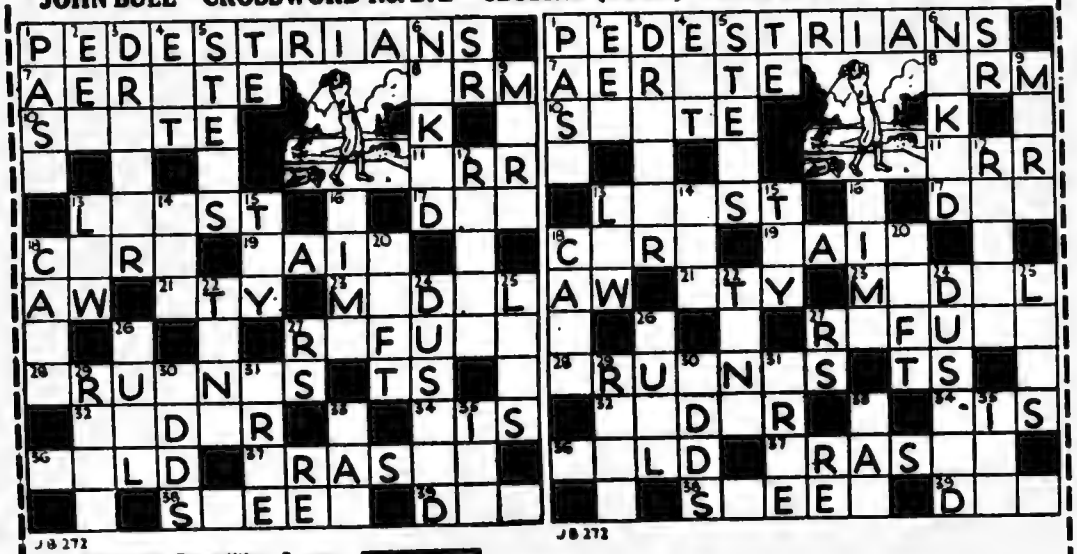
JB 272

JB 272

JB 272

JB 272

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 272—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1934



JB 272

JB 272

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

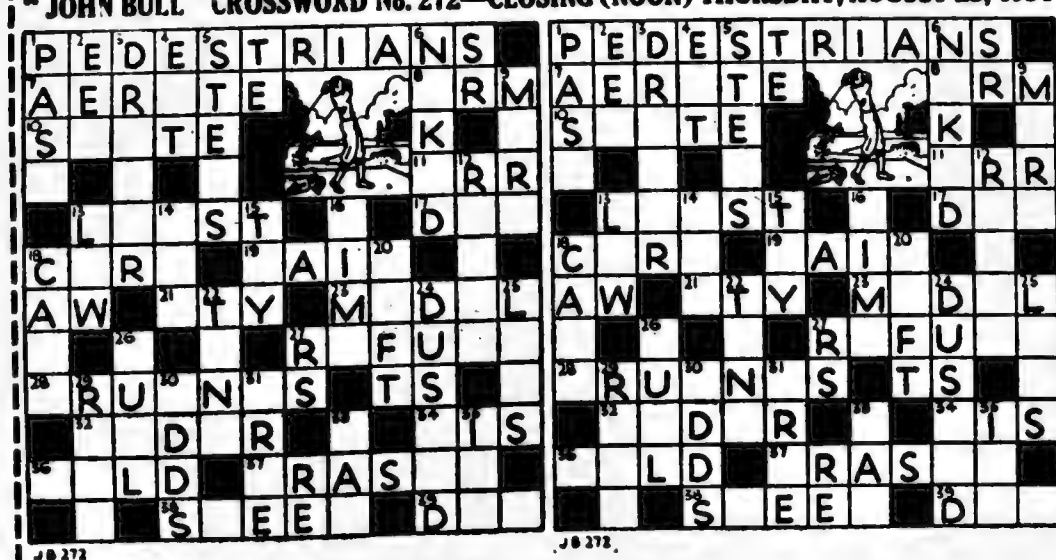
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 272—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1934



JB 272

JB 272

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 272, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE, for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, August 23.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 6, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, September 11, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £150 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £650 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

FREE HELP FOR X-WORD ENTRANTS. Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address: Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2. or register for 12 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

GRANDMOTHER (Ely).—"I can't find a word to describe girls who flauntingly do their hair on the sands." Beachcombers.

PHOTOGRAPHER (Brighton).—"I admit I was thrown out of the meeting." Your views were evidently not acceptable.

A. B. (Walsall).—"Why are doctors' children always so charming?" Perhaps the medicos keep the best for themselves.

V. G. (Hove).—"I recently stayed in the sea for sixteen hours." Have you discovered who stole your clothes?

S. D. (Hendon).—"I don't like people who ask me to drop in to tea some time." Are you an airman?

M. J. (Fratton).—"Why do some artists sign their pictures so carefully?" So that those who hang them may know the right way up.

G. C. (London, N.).—"Although only an ice-cream vendor, I am a member of a brass band." What do you play—the cornet?

STUDENT (Bayswater).—"I think all examinations ought to be held in the cooler months of the year." Did you find the questions a bit hot?

PUZZLED (Montrose).—"In these days of drought, can you tell me anything that can make a drink go a long way?" A giraffe.

PETER (Halesowen).—"It is surprising to realise that quite a number of men are captivated by the perfume women use." A case of being led by the nose.

A. D. (Hounslow).—"The acrobat's performance was so thrilling that most of the audience were afraid for his safety." He gave them quite a turn?

DAD (Leeds).—"My nineteen-year-old son touched a live wire the other day and felt nothing." We always have held that it is impossible to shock the modern youth.

* * *

Jacky (King's Norton).—"I've never had a button off my clothes since I've been married." We presume the first thing your wife taught you was how to sew them on.

* * *

E. T. (Dover).—"Thousands of pairs of braces and suspenders were recently seized by Customs officials and kept for some days." Things can't be held up that way.

HUNTER (Park Lane).—"The man who goes into the jungle big-game hunting won't be troubled by gout or rheumatism in his old age." The probability is that he won't even be troubled by old age.

G. M. (Kilmarnock).—"I see that one of the Australian cricketers had some teeth extracted recently." We hope the dentist didn't cry "How's that?" when scattering the stumps in his surgery.

PHYSICIAN'S WIFE (London, W.).—"The owner of a block of service flats refused to allow my husband to practise in the house above him." Well, nobody likes to be always under the doctor.

CITYMAN (Romford).—"I was going home late one night when a policeman asked me what I was doing out at that time." Did you give your wife the same reply later?

T. D. (Carshalton).—"While on a holiday in Italy, I met a man who lives quite close to me. I met him again in Germany, Holland and Belgium, and on my return I crossed the Channel with him. What a strange coincidence!" Why didn't you pay what you owed him before you went away?

The KID

R. B. (Tamworth).—"My father cycles to work at 70." Some speed!

SALT (Ipswich).—"I've been a rolling stone all my life." Knocked round a bit?

KEEN (Manchester).—"Chess players never cheat." Each move is on the square.

J. SMITH (Torquay).—"I should like my name to live on after I am dead." Don't worry; it will.

* * *

Invalid (Buxton).—"My nurse at times eyes me very closely." She wants to see you better.

* * *

E. S. (Letchworth).—"Four of my greyhounds fetched £850 last week." They sound more like retrievers?

G. W. (Guildford).—"An income-tax collector's office caught fire recently." Despite the many appeals not to waste water the brigade extinguished the blaze.

WIMBLEDON FAN (Esher).—"I see a well-known lady tennis player was formerly a maid." She should have a smashing service.

G. N. (Oxford).—"My wife was struck dumb the other day when she was using an electric iron." There's an idea!

ORATOR (Hyde Park).—"I am not afraid of a man just because he has a title." Unless it happens to be a heavyweight boxing one, of course.

G. R. (London, E.C.).—"A large hat-pin was found outside a Fleet Street newspaper office last week." One theory is that it belonged to the racing expert.

V. R. (Felixstowe).—"I got soaking wet the first time I took a speed-boat out." Did you absent-mindedly crawl under it when it broke down?

G. T. C. (Derby).—"The advice given in a recent broadcast was never to run when it is over 80 degrees in the shade." Our butter doesn't seem to have heard it.

Alf (Woking).—"I bought a hammock at a sale, but it was a poor bargain." It let you down badly?

A. B. (Liverpool).—"Are our tennis stars rude?" They sometimes have their faults.

MIKE (Worcester).—"He was arrested while playing in a cricket match." For stealing runs?

INQUISITIVE (Dulwich).—"What must an officer be before he can have a funeral with full military honours?" Dead.

PEGGY (Southport).—"I have come here expressly to get brown." Does Brown know?

HUBBY (Andover).—"I always go to the club when the wife is entertaining, as she likes it better." You're out to please her, of course.

* * *

Mrs. T. (Oban).—"Can you tell me any people who grow fat on milk?" Dairymen.

* * *

FATHER (Heston).—"I purposely let my small son fall into the paddling pool to teach him a lesson." You got yours when you got home, perhaps.

H. A. (Dublin).—"Most people have a great longing to see Ireland." Especially those flying the Atlantic from West to East.

GEORGE (Tavistock).—"I dreamt I was just going to fire a pistol for the commencement of a race, when the alarm rang." You awoke with a start?

HARD-UP (Newcastle).—"Hawking watches from door to door, as I do, is a slow business." Still, you probably have bags of time.

BUSINESS MAN (Shoreditch).—"Yesterday I insured my business for three thousand pounds; what would I get were it to be burned down to-morrow . . ?" About ten years.

A. C. (Surbiton).—"While we were away on holiday a burglar lived in our house for a week, and then stole the sitting-room clock." "Take your time" must have been his motto.

R. D. (Vigo).—"A Spanish author who stated that he usually wrote a book in a fortnight has been sent to prison for fraud." Now it will take him a few years to do a sentence.

HUBBY (Ipswich).—"My wife always starts packing the holiday trunk a fortnight before we go away." And finds she has left out something five minutes before the train goes?

F. G. W. (Stroud).—"I think it is possible to breed a perfect race." For example, if men with legs like this)(married women with legs like this ( ), their children's legs would be straight!

D. S. (Ealing).—"Shooting is without doubt an over-rated pastime. I recently spent a week on the Yorkshire moors, and consider it a waste of good time." You are a bad shot who likes a good grouse.

MRS. G. (Margate).—"A nigger minstrel on the beach here keeps his face black throughout the holiday season." He would make a congenial companion for our nephew.

S. D. (Glasgow).—"My neighbour has bought such a poor garden roller, that not only do no neighbours borrow it, but he can't even use it himself." Now that is what we call a man with brains.

MISS MOLLY (Blackpool).—"When Dick told me he couldn't marry me, he not only broke my heart and wrecked my whole life, but . . ." He spoiled your entire evening?

* * *

J. H. (Atherstone).—"I had an urgent trunk call from my wife this morning." We know the sort of thing: "Come upstairs, John, and help me to pack!"

* * *

R. THOMSON (Stonehouse).—"My First Prize entry was made under the nom-de-plume of Thomas." For the benefit of Doubting Thomases, we put that fact on record.

ANTI-DROUGHT (Ely).—"Mix a sufficient quantity of oxygen with twice as much hydrogen and we'd make tons of water." Or we could peel onions and make our eyes water.

F. L. (Welwyn).—"It is said that women motorists are apt to be bad-tempered." But it certainly is annoying for a fair driver to back with exquisite care and find she is in the garage of "The Laurels" instead of her own at "Mon Repos."

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

FIRST TIN FREE

IT WILL ONLY COST YOU ½d. STAMP.

CONQUER your INDIGESTION this BETTER WAY

Birley's Antacid Powder is the *perfect* Indigestion Remedy for the home use of man, woman and child. It is a perfect blend of the best Antacids for the relief of Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Biliousness, Nausea, Flagging Appetite, Palpitation, Sleeplessness.

BETTER than "MONEY-BACK" OFFER

Our wonderful offer of a Free 9d. Tin is the STRAIGHTEST, MOST HONEST and FAIR DEALING offer ever made. It's fairer than the "MONEY-BACK" principle. We *don't* ask you to *buy first*. You can have your first Tin of Birley's Antacid Powder FREE and POST PAID to test. After you test we know you'll want to buy some—everyone does—it's so good. SEND THE COUPON TO-DAY. The 9d. tin is put up for FREE Trial only.

Birley's is Tasteless, Harmless and British throughout.

COUPON 71

To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD., 16-18, Northdown St., King's Cross, London, N.1.

Please send FREE 9d. Tin of Birley's Antacid Powder.

Name .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

.....

Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more. *Please write clearly.*

Information for all who shave.

THERE are cheaper and more expensive blades! There are poorer blades, but we are quite sure there are no better blades. You may yourself think some of the statements we are making in these advertisements are exaggerated. We assure you we believe every one to be true, otherwise we would not make them. Buy a Weekly Wallet and prove our claims.

SEVEN BLADES FOR SEVEN DAYS & EVERY ONE A GOOD ONE

STEAD RAZOR BLADES

guarantee perfect shaves for every day

6d. Per Wallet of 7 Blades.

Buy your Weekly Wallet on the way home.

Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls and most Dealers stock them.

Heading for DANGER

JOYOUSLY pedalling on his tricycle, he is as free as all the birds in the air. Faster go his little legs, faster and still faster the wheels.

Glorious life! . . until, in his young fearlessness that sees no danger, he falls a victim to an accident from which it may take him weeks or even months to recover. During that time doctor's bills have to be met, perhaps hospital fees, and there are little bedside luxuries to be bought.

This is where JOHN BULL, under its Great Free Family Insurance Gift, renders practical assistance to parents all over the country

JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift provides generous benefits for Children's Accidents and also for Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, and while Boating or Bathing. Moreover, JOHN BULL is the *only* paper in the world to safeguard the Home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage, and to pay benefits for Sickness (as specified), and is the *only* paper which provides a 10 per cent. bonus to benefits paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

Here is your opportunity to secure JOHN BULL'S great Insurance Gift—all you have to do is to fill in the forms below. Do it NOW!

HOLIDAY CONCESSION.

Registered readers and their families will enjoy the full protection of JOHN BULL'S unsurpassed Free Insurance Gift while on holiday in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands, or the Isle of Man.

The only condition is that in the event of an application arising it will be necessary to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while on holiday, and before leaving home instructed their regular newsagent to resume delivery immediately on their return.

"John Bull"—the only paper to pay benefits for Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 18/8/34

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 18/8/34

JOHN BULL'S

GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

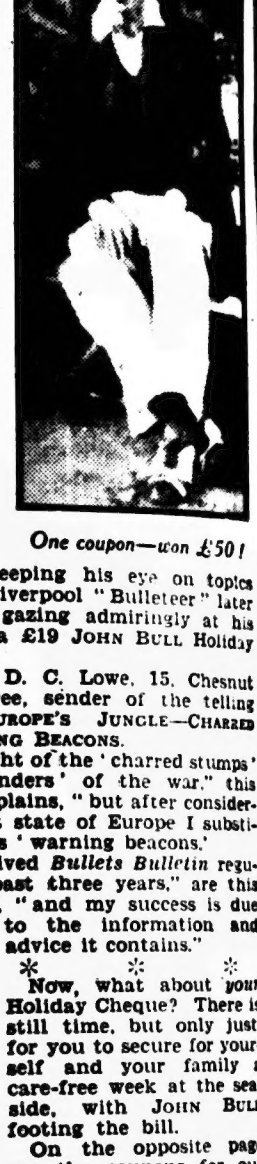
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

LAST 50 BIG HOLIDAY CHEQUES SEE PAGE 35

THEY'VE ALL WON "BULLETS"

Holidays . .



One coupon—won £50!

Be quick for Yours!

JUST over a month ago the young man you see here received a "Target" prize for one of his *Bullets*. To-day one of its coupons has joined the scores of others in our strong-rooms.

Because of the few words he wrote upon it, it has become another little leaf in the book of *Bullets* history.

That one free-entry coupon was his sole attempt in our 946th Contest. But the judges, who are not concerned with the extent of a competitor's entry, found it worthy of a place in *Bullets* "Big Three"—and a fine Holiday Prize of £50 cash was the reward of Mr. G. B. Patrick, 72, Ryelands Street, Hereford, for his effort, RISKING DEATH—WOMEN IN "INCREASING NUMBERS."

"I started taking *Bullets Bulletin* regularly two months ago," young Mr. Patrick tells us. "Previous to that my biggest award was a Red Seal 'Target' prize. The moral is obvious."

* * *

Another "Bulleteer" to step up from the ranks of minor prizes to a bumper Holiday Cheque in this Contest is Mr. A. Ferguson, 65, Haworth Street, Hull. An £18 prize was his reward for the neat and telling effort, SILENT WOMAN—GIVES WARMONGER BIGGER "VOICE."

"I have been entering *Bullets* regularly for two years and my only reward had been a 'Target' coupon," this winner informs us.

"I study all the hints in my *Bullets Bulletin*, and my winning *Bullet* was the work of only a minute. Without the help of that bright and breezy little weekly, *Bullets Bulletin*, I should have got nowhere.

"There is no need to guess where some of the money will go," Mr. Ferguson goes on cheerfully. "We shall enjoy a real good holiday.

"When I open my copy of JOHN BULL on the sands," he adds, "I shall bless the day I decided to make *Bullets* my hobby."

Thanks to keeping his eye on topics of the day, a Liverpool "Bulleteer" later found himself gazing admiringly at his own name on a £19 JOHN BULL Holiday Cheque.

He was Mr. D. C. Lowe, 15, Chesnut Grove, Wavertree, sender of the telling *Bullet*, IN EUROPE'S JUNGLE—CHARRED STUMPS, WARNING BEACONS.

"I first thought of the 'charred stumps' as 'grim reminders' of the war," this "Bulleteer" explains, "but after considering the present state of Europe I substituted the words 'warning beacons.'

"I have received *Bullets Bulletin* regularly for the past three years," are this winner's words, "and my success is due to the information and advice it contains."

* * *

Now, what about *your* Holiday Cheque? There is still time, but only just, for you to secure for yourself and your family a care-free week at the seaside, with JOHN BULL footing the bill.

On the opposite page are the coupons for our final huge offer of *Bullets* 1934 Holiday Campaign, with over £1,200 cash waiting to be won. Enter some good efforts by Saturday, August 25, and one of those last fifty fine Holiday Cheques may well be yours.

GUIDE, SIR?

If you know nothing of *Bullets* and find a glance through the winners like wandering in a foreign city without a guide, enlist the free weekly aid of *Bullets Bulletin*.

Each of the winners on this page pays tribute to its practical assistance and your road to the prize-list will be easier and far more interesting if you will accept *Bullets Bulletin's* guidance.

Your Reservation Form awaits you beside the *Bullets* coupons—post it off to-night without fail.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 947

FIRST PRIZE, £1 WEEKLY FOR LIFE AND £500, OR £800 CASH

Mr. R. LOCKEY, Gas Works, Morpeth, Northumberland.

Example:—IN TIME OF TROUBLE
Bullet:—"THE WORD" IS "COURAGE."

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

Mr. T. S. FEAKINS, 31, Hambrough Road, Southall, Middlesex.
Example: Remember 1914 And
Bullet: Partings? Cling To Peace!
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE, £30:

Mrs. E. WARD, 53a, Priory Street, Bedford
Example: Worth A Million
Bullet: But Hasn't My "Beans."

OTHER PRIZES

£20: Mrs. H. RIMMER, 20, Stanley Park, Litherland, Liverpool.
To Make Her Happy—Man's Duty—Superman's Job!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£19: W. DAVID, 18, Butleigh Avenue, Victoria Park, Cardiff.
Off To The Seaside—Enjoying *That* "Short Week."

£18: J. F. COLLEY, 5, Coombe Road, Sheffield.
Our Salvation—Needs Supplication—And Application.

£17: B. LISTER, 17, Harrison Street, York.
To Make Her Happy—Aiding And *No Betting.*

£16: W. H. PICKARD, 163, Upperton Road, Leicester.
Armed With Knowledge—"Educated" In *Grimmer* "School."

£15: Mrs. J. BATSON, The Red Cottage, Pembury, Kent.
Tripped Him Up—"Bar" "Across The Way."

2 OF £14 EACH:

R. BALLANTYNE, 269, Bernard Street, Glasgow.
In Time Of Trouble—Prayer "Halting"—But Steadying.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. STAKE, 7, Bracken Road West, Brighouse.
Wonderful—Woman—Weary, Worn, *Willing.*

2 OF £13 EACH:

M. DICKINSON, 65, Onslow Square, London, S.W.
Too Much—Liberty—Europe's Allowing *Dictators.*

G. R. SMITH, 1, Rankeillor Street, Edinburgh.
Her Pekinese—*Hound* That *Mocks* Cradle.

2 OF £12 EACH:

A. CRADDOCK, 73, Beatrice Street, Leamore, Walsall, Staffs.
Worth A Million—To Heir, Two Millions'

Mrs. E. TURNER, 10, Grange Road, Sheffield.
Tripped Him Up—Ladder—"Tripping Up" Anticipated.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

2 OF £11 EACH:

Miss W. BINNS, 94, Alfred Road, Askern, Doncaster.
The Guide—Untipped—Started "Describing" *Tourists.*

J. W. TAYLOR, 46, Dean Road, Edmonton, Birmingham.
Trembling On The Brink—Nations Britain "Roped To."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

2 OF £10 EACH:

Mrs. N. M. BENNETT, 29, Delamain Road, Liverpool.
In Time Of Trouble—Little "Passe Mother's Lips."

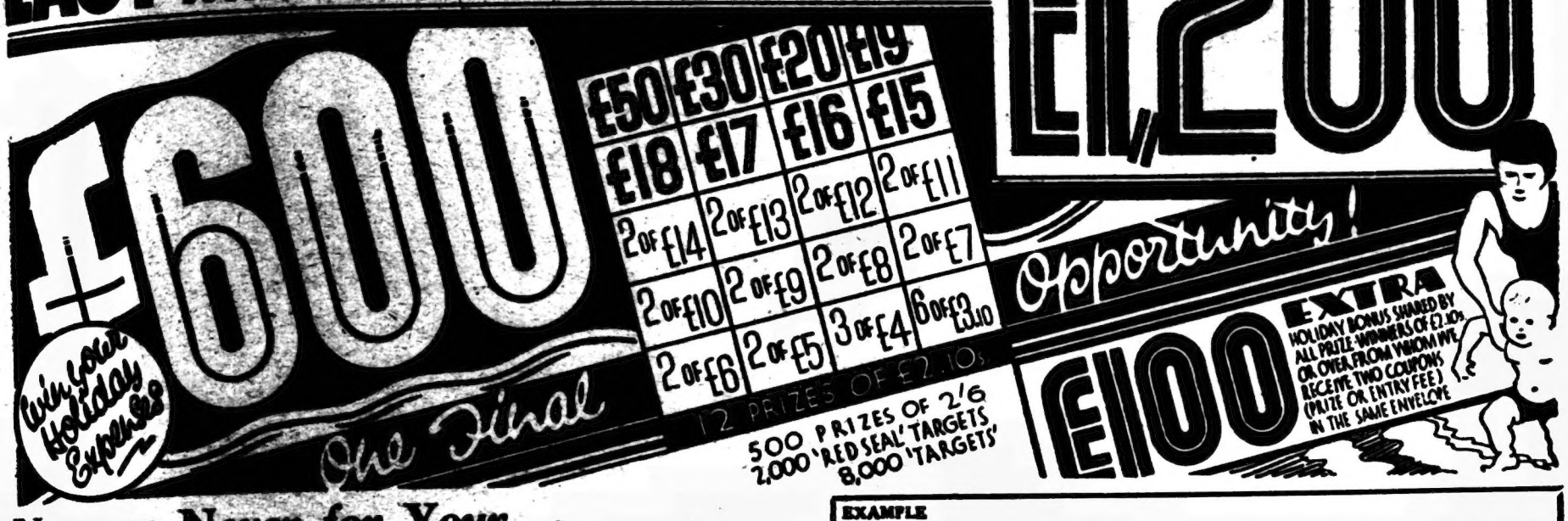
E. SCHOLEY, 24 Vernon Street, Harpurhey, Manchester.
Tripped Him Up—Cotton On Apple's Finger.

A list of all other cash prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

"John Bull" Insurance Gift Registration Forms and the "John Bull" Pen Coupon await you in adjoining column

LAST GIANT OFFER OF 50 HOLIDAY PRIZES WITH 'BULLETS' CASH TOTALLING OVER £1,200


£600
Win your Holiday Expenses
One Final
£50 £30 £20 £19
£18 £17 £16 £15
2 OF £14 2 OF £13 2 OF £12 2 OF £11
2 OF £10 2 OF £9 2 OF £8 2 OF £7
2 OF £6 2 OF £5 3 OF £4 6 OF £3 10s
12 PRIZES OF £2 10s
500 PRIZES OF 2/6
2,000 'RED SEAL' TARGETS
8,000 'TARGETS'
£100
Opportunity!
EXTRA
HOLIDAY BONUS SHARED BY ALL PRIZE-WINNERS OF £2 10s OR OVER, FROM WHOM WE RECEIVE TWO COUPONS (PRIZE OR ENTRY FEE) IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

Now or Never for Your "Bullets" Holiday Prize!

A FEW days more and JOHN BULL's Giant Holiday Campaign will be ended. You must be quick if you want a share in this last huge distribution of over £1,200 in Holiday Cash.

A fortune of £600 awaits the sender of the week's best *Bullet*, and this bumper First is followed by a splendid array of forty-nine other substantial cheques. Moreover, an extra £100 Holiday Bonus will be shared by all winners of £2 10s. or over from whom JOHN BULL has received two coupons in the same envelope.

No further coupons will appear for this final Huge Holiday Contest, so tear out this page and keep it carefully. It gives you full instructions, *Examples*, coupons and all you need to benefit by this closing distribution of Holiday Cash.

Get your entry into Long Acre by Saturday, August 25, and one of the last fifty places on the final *Bullets* Holiday Train may well be yours!

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

TO make a *Bullet*, read slowly through the *Examples* provided and note down the rough ideas which occur to you as you turn each one over in your mind.

You have now to develop these first thoughts into *Bullets* by polishing their phrasing into winning style. Your finished efforts, remember, must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words with some apt and original bearing on the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you were considering the *Example*, WHEN NATIONS AGREE, your first rough comment might be *Things Will Be Different*. This you could readily improve to the finished *Bullet*, WHEN NATIONS AGREE—WE'LL WELCOME *That* "DIFFERENCE."

Before you start, however, examine closely the winning *Bullets* on the opposite page—they will show you how a bright thought, neatly phrased, can bring you a substantial reward.

Then for your own efforts. Out with paper and pencil, and with these winning styles fresh in your mind, go ahead with your *Bullets*.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

WHEN NATIONS AGREE
TIME TO PLAY
MAN WHO THINKS
BIGGER AND BETTER
SENSIBLE PEOPLE
TRYING
TO MAKE MONEY
IN YEARS TO COME
WAR IN THE AIR
GHASTLY MESS
FOOTBALL'S STARTED, SO
FAMILY FUED
EASIER
GIRL IN THE 'BUS
MODESTLY
DOESN'T ANSWER
WANTED FOR MURDER
APPALLING
DEAR OLD LADY
BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS
AT THE POLICE-STATION
DARING DEED
ON THE BEACH
UNTOLD
AUNTIE DEPARTED AND
WORRY AND CARE
SETTLED
IF ONLY
FOOL NEXT DOOR
WRONG
WHEN THINGS ARE BAD
WITH AN EFFORT
WORTH DOING
FOR SAFETY
SPITEFUL CAT
WHY SHE SAID NOTHING

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £50-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD. — 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(*Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £600 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 940 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. McBride, 3, Trongate, Stonehouse, Lanarkshire.

ENTRY FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(951) Closing SAT., Aug. 25	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(951) Closing SAT., Aug. 25	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(951) Closing SAT., Aug. 25	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(951) Closing SAT., Aug. 25	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(951) Closing SAT., Aug. 25	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 951 usually purchase. "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 951, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

COMING NEXT WEEK **£3 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and FORTUNE OF £1000** WITH 1000 SURPRISE AWARDS

World's Record Testimonial?

Grateful Lady's More Than 750 WORDS OF UNSOLICITED PRAISE FOR Yeast-Vite Brand Tablets

Dear Sirs,— I wish to add my testimony to your already huge list of testimonials from all parts.

Last August I had a complete Nervous breakdown which had been threatening me for some months. But I struggled on. On coming down one morning I found I could not carry on any longer.

I told my husband that I would try "Yeast-Vite." After the first dose I felt refreshed, and by the end of the week I was better than I had been for three or four years. In fact people said as I met them, "Hello, you do look well. Been on holiday?"

The fact that I had not had a holiday for 17 years made the wonder greater. **Really, I dreaded a holiday because only to ride or walk far gave me dreadful headaches,** and I was even beginning to dread talking to people.

It was a lucky thing for me I was able to make such a rapid recovery, for that week I was offered some work, which had I not been able to do would have meant a loss to us.

Relatives' Enthusiasm

Some relatives of my husband visited us, and when they knew all about my case they were not content until they had tried "Yeast-Vite." I could write sheet after sheet if I told you all the little episodes in which your tablets were mentioned and recommended.

I went for a holiday with them, the first since my honeymoon, and taking care I had a bottle of "Yeast-Vite" with me. I had a lovely fortnight. When I left there were four different lots of "Yeast-Vite" in the house, besides mine. My brother-in-law said, "You're a perfect angel of health to have brought us these tablets—and you are a wonderful testimony to them."

I must tell you one more incident in connection with this holiday of mine. It was spent in South Wales, and I came home by boat. I am an awful sailor, and I forgot I had used up all my "Yeast-Vite" Tablets until I came to the dock, when I discovered the empty bottle in my bag.

There was no time to get more, so I had to put up with it.

Oh! For A Yeast-Vite

At the end of the journey I was feeling very unwell, and as we sat having a cup of tea in one of the teashops on the front, I said to my friends. "Oh, for a 'Yeast-Vite'—that would put me right for the rest of my journey.

Imagine my astonishment when a lady sitting by my side turned to me and said, "Do you mean to say you have found benefit from 'Yeast-Vite'? If so, and you would like some, please help yourself from my bottle." Of course, I was delighted, and the whole room full of people were soon talking of "Yeast-Vite." The dose I had from the lady soon put me steady, and I journeyed home without a headache.

I cannot enumerate all the people I have spoken to about "Yeast-Vite" Tablets.

Husband's Illness

My husband found relief when he was ill a week or so back.

It was "Yeast-Vite" that gave him sleep when one night he lay all night unable to sleep. I knew they would do him good, and persuaded him to try just one dose, which he did. The next morning his temperature was normal. He had slept well, and when he awoke he spoke of how fresh he felt. He has mentioned "Yeast-Vite" to many people and of the good it did him.

Friend's HEADACHE and DEBILITY

I had a friend come to see me one day and he began to speak of the various remedies for headache, and how his wife had used so many that he would not allow her to take any more. I told him of "Yeast-Vite" Tablets and he wouldn't believe they could benefit her, but when my husband said how I had been, he said he would get her to try them. He did, and the result was not merely relief but they completely banished her headaches and debility.

I fully recommend all women to take "Yeast-Vite" Tablets. They are wonderful and I can never speak too highly of them. Only women like myself, a woman with a family demanding all her energies, know the real benefit of keeping absolutely fit in mind and body to be able to meet all emergencies.

Forgive me if I tire you, but I had to write to you.

Again expressing my gratitude.

I am yours truly, J. S N., Devon.

I Had A **NERVOUS BREAKDOWN** BUT AFTER **1 DOSE** OF **'Yeast-Vite'** I FELT **REFRESHED**

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MINS.
HEADACHES	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 MINS.
LASSITUDE	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MINS.
DEPRESSION	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MINS.
"NERVES"	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MINS.
INDIGESTION	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MINS.
EXHAUSTION	*Animation*	In 15/30 MINS.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MINS.
RHEUMATISM	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 HOURS

NO CURE—NO PAY!

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHTFORWARD and Fair Dealing British Offer ever made to the public. Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Quick Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE," return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded in full.

SOLD EVERYWHERE **3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-**

T.C.B.

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